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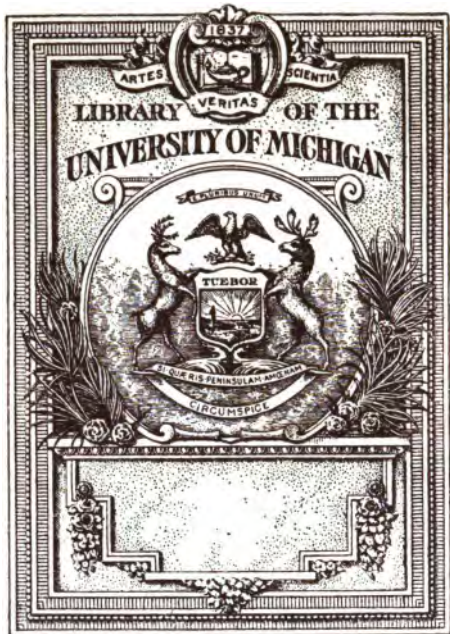
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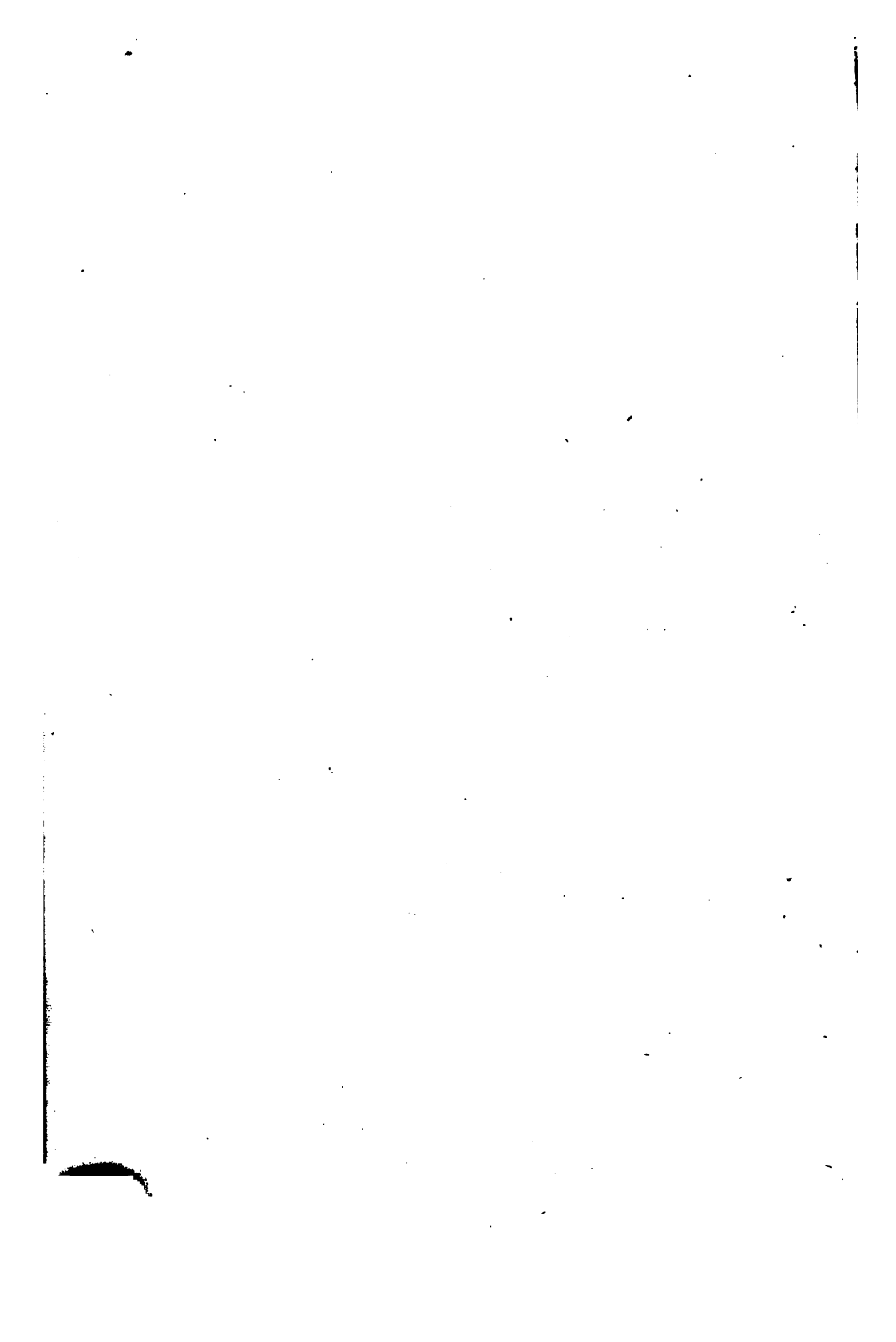
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A FEW MONTHS IN THE EAST.







W. LITTLE, ENL. MONTICELLI

JERUSALEM

Forcypth, S. B. B.

A FEW MONTHS IN THE EAST;

OR,

A GLIMPSE

OF



THE RED, THE DEAD, AND THE BLACK

SEAS.

BY A CANADIAN.

"The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul."

Prov., Cap. xiii, v. 19.

Quebec:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. ANN STREET.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
G. J. MOUNTAIN, D.D., D.C.L.,
LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

MY LORD:

The very kind notice which you were pleased to take of the letters transmitted by me, from the Holy Land, to different members of my family, is one of the chief causes that induce me to preserve and enlarge the hurried notes, marked down on the spot, during portions of my recent tour to the interesting regions of the East.

Similar reasons may now, I hope, be pleaded, together with a desire of influencing others to take the same route, for appearing before the public.

It will thus be seen, that your Lordship is, to a certain extent, responsible for the rashness which has prompted the publication of the following pages; for certainly had it not been for your kind expressions of approbation, and the favorable encouragement of indulgent friends, I scarcely would have revised or expanded my rough notes for a wider circulation.

I beg to thank your Lordship for the convincing proof, which you have afforded, of the sincerity of your friendly sentiments in permitting me to dedicate the result of my efforts to one, who is as much distinguished for his extensive scholarship and literary attainments, as he is esteemed for his piety, and for the zeal which he has always evinced for the interests of the Church in British North America.

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obedient Servant,
J. BELL FORSYTH.

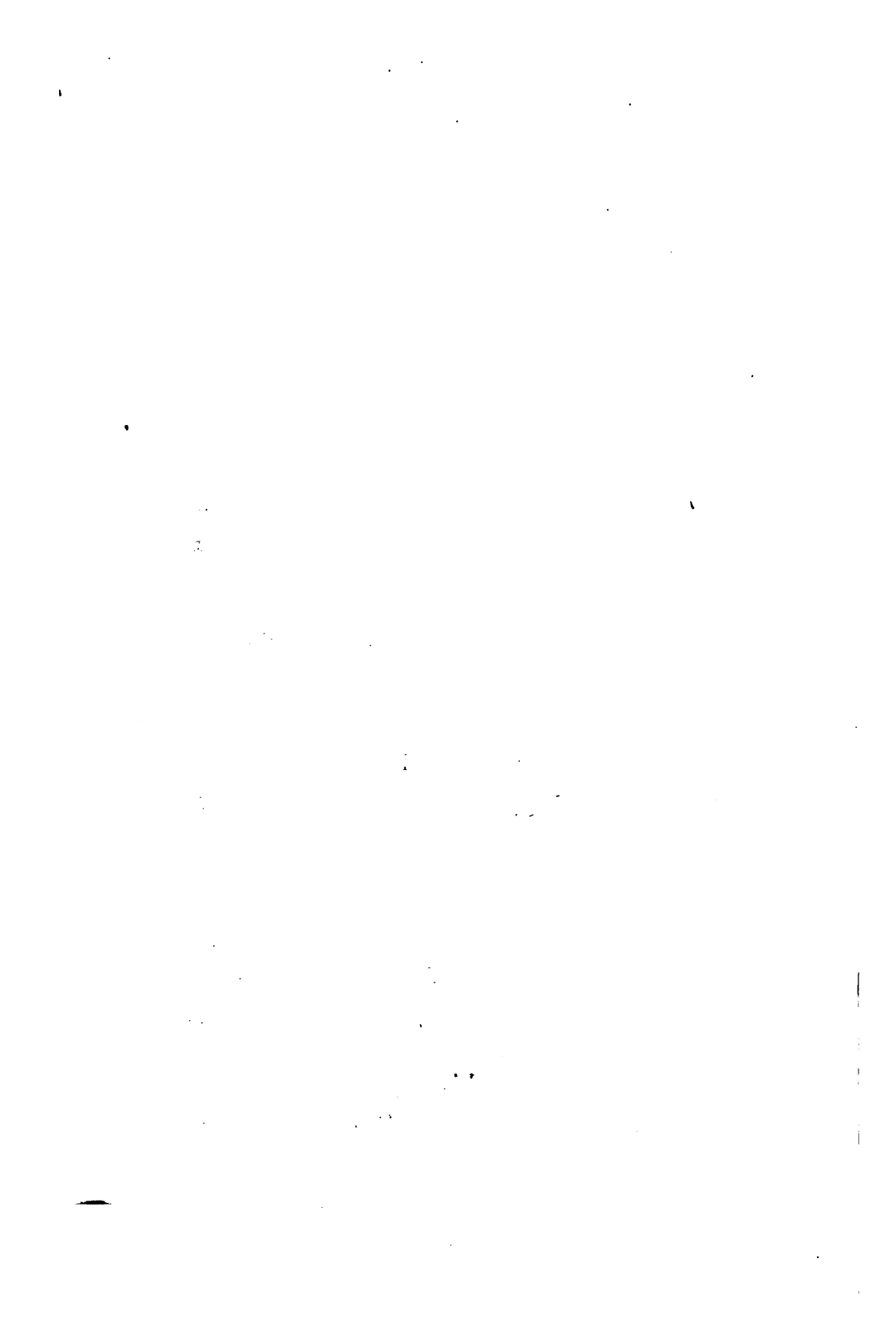
Quebec, *May*, 1861.

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McCaus. M.P.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Preface	xi

CHAPTER I.

Reasons for Publishing.—Some Details of the Voyage from Portland to England, in the "Hungarian,"—and thence to Gibraltar	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

Gibraltar	11
---------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

Malta	23
-----------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt—Alexandria—Suez	29
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railway, vs. The Overland Route.	41
---	----

	PAGE.
CHAPTER VI.	
Return to Cairo—The Pyramids	51
CHAPTER VII.	
From Jaffa to Jerusalem	65
CHAPTER VIII.	
Jerusalem and Vicinity—Jericho and the Dead Sea . . .	83
CHAPTER IX.	
Mount Zion—Hebron—Easter-day in Jerusalem—Mosques of Omar and El-Aksa	97
CHAPTER X.	
Departure from Jerusalem.—Jaffa—Beyrout—Tripoli— Alexandrette	109
CHAPTER XI.	
Smyrna—Constantinople	125
CHAPTER XII.	
Departure from Constantinople, and Return to England .	141

CHAPTER XIII.

Review in Edinburgh—Lakes of Cumberland—Return to Canada	157
---	-----

APPENDIX.

Pacific Railroad	169
----------------------------	-----



P R E F A C E.

THE following pages have been prepared at different intervals, in the active pursuit of mercantile occupations, from hurried notes taken on the spot, and from letters penned to members of my family when I was travelling in the East.

They are not intended to supply the information usually sought for in ordinary Handbooks, but, as I have elsewhere remarked, to shew how so much ground can be gone over, and how so many interesting places may be visited, during a short period of relaxation, even by overwrought men of business; and

all this, with instruction to the mind and improved health to the body.

This is a point which I am particularly anxious the candid reader should keep constantly in view. I so thoroughly enjoyed the trip and derived such benefit from it, that the primary and ultimate object of publishing this brief outline of my movements, and of the impressions of the scenes visited, is to induce my many friends in Canada and other parts of British North America, similarly circumstanced, to try the effect of a like expedition.

Although I readily acquiesced with many other pilgrims to Palestine, that the Bible is the best hand-book to the Holy Land, and preferred visiting the interesting scenes without any other; yet I have since perused, with great satisfaction and pleasure, "Murray's Hand-book to Syria," a most complete and delightful work of the kind, composed by the

Rev. J. L. Porter, with the pen of a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman : it is a book which ought to be in every one's library.

To more than one kind friend I am greatly indebted for several corrections and valuable suggestions ; and, at their recommendation, I have omitted or abridged much which might have pleased my immediate and personal friends, but could not have interested the general reader.

The lithographs have been executed in Montreal by Mr. Little of Notre-Dame street, and speak for themselves ; they are taken from drawings (the one of Jerusalem excepted) which have never been published, and were presented by kind friends.

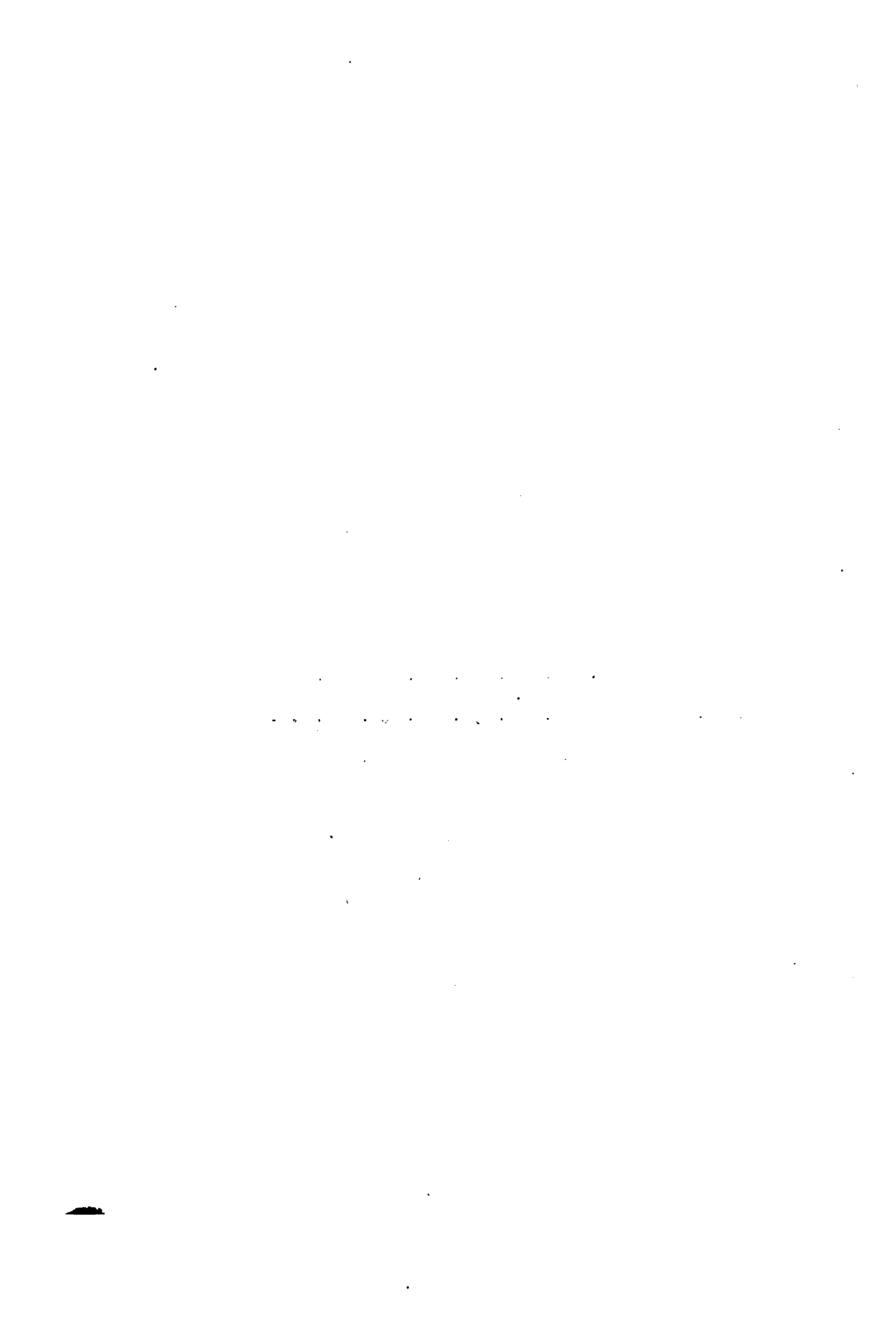
To Mr. Sloane, the intelligent Superintendent of Mr. Lovell's office, I am much indebted for many valuable hints ; and the book being altogether a Canadian publica-

tion, I rely with confidence on the kindness and candour of all who may peruse it.

I hope, also, that I may be excused for my digression, at the Isthmus of Suez, on the subject of a Western route to Asia: the topic has always been an especial favorite of mine, and the occasion was too captivating to be resisted. I have thrown into an Appendix some details, contained in a speech delivered at the public dinner given to Lord Bury, some few years ago, on the occasion of his visit to Quebec.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
JERUSALEM.— <i>Frontispiece.</i>	
GIBRALTAR,	11
THE SPHINX.	56
TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS,	58



CHAPTER I.

REASONS FOR PUBLISHING.—SOME DETAILS OF THE VOYAGE FROM PORTLAND TO ENGLAND, IN THE "HUNGARIAN,"—AND THENCE TO GIBRALTAR.

WHEN I left Quebec about the middle of January, last year, for the purpose of revisiting Europe, and subsequently prosecuting my wanderings eastward, no idea could be more remote from my mind than that of publishing an account of my proceedings.

A trip to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and to view those sacred and time-hallowed scenes, where so many events of deep interest have occurred blended with the destinies of mankind, had formed, from early years, one of the most warmly-cherished wishes of my heart ; and it was with no slight degree of satisfaction that I found myself enabled to gratify this desire.

It has been already hinted, in the dedication, that one, in fact, nearly the sole motive for the publication of these few pages, is to set before others the comparative ease and moderate expenditure, with which a trip to the East may be accomplished; and to induce, perhaps, many in these Provinces to take advantage of any similar period of leisure. The following hasty sketches have, therefore, been reproduced at the suggestion of several of my friends, who expressed themselves gratified by the perusal of the original correspondence, addressed to members of my own family.

These notes of travel, issuing from a Canadian press, are more especially intended for circulation in these Provinces; an indulgent reception may, therefore, be reasonably anticipated from the Canadian public, inasmuch as I write as a Canadian, in the hope of encouraging others of my fellow-countrymen to follow my example in visiting the same interesting portion of the world. Such an undertaking can hardly be carried out, in the most indifferent manner, without opening the mind and enlarging our estimate of the advantages of liberal government and constitutional polity. By such a tour, souvenirs of undying interest may be awakened in the heart, and extend an important influence over the future course of the traveller; for I certainly realized the saying of the

Hebrew monarch, according to the motto placed on the title-page, "The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul."

In the month of January, I proceeded by railway from Quebec to Portland, attended by my two daughters, and accompanied, as far as the latter place, by my son and his wife, and my kind friend, Colonel Rhodes. We embarked on board the ocean steamship "Hungarian," one of the most powerful and excellent of the Canadian Line; and the voyage, on which we entered, was fated to be the last she made in safety.

Voyages from the American continent to England during winter are generally very rapid; north and north-westerly winds usually prevail and blow in frequent gales. I have repeatedly crossed the Atlantic in December and January, but I do not remember having ever experienced such terrific weather as on this voyage. When we approached the Irish coast, the north-wester, which had been driving us so fiercely as to prevent a stitch of canvas being shewn, compelled us to lay to; for, although under very little steam, we were carried along at the rate of about fourteen knots an hour, and had shipped some very heavy seas. By one of these, considerable damage was done to the wheel-house, a boat was carried away, and the bulwarks were greatly injured;

the water dashed through the pantry, sweeping off with it plates, dishes, covers and crockery of every kind,—smashed the lamps in the cabin, and flooded it with water.

It was very impressive to hear the dead, rumbling noise of the body of water, as it poured down the gangways, and covered the floors of our cabins to the depth of one or two feet. Such confidence, however, had we in the strength of the vessel, that we felt little uneasiness; and when I ascertained that my daughters were not seriously alarmed, I became still more at ease, and looked to see what was to be done in my own cabin. Trunks, carpet-bags and hat-boxes were moving about in the water; I jumped up and secured them, as well as I could, and on the whole was no great sufferer; but my friends, Symes and Roberts, were not so fortunate,—the former especially, as every thing he had was injured or ruined. After three or four hours incessant bailing, in which nearly all the passengers assisted, the water was got rid of, and the floors were wiped tolerably dry.

During this dreadful night, our gallant commander, Captain Jones, and Mr. Nash, the lieutenant in charge of the mails, were heard speaking aloud and cheerfully; their words and the sound of their voices tended to dispel fear, and imparted courage to all.

The violence of the storm abated next morning, and the vessel's head was again turned towards Cape Clear. It cannot be out of place here to mention that the steamer "Scamander" foundered, during the same gale, in the Bay of Biscay, and that many other casualties occurred, although the storm did not reach the coast.

The appearance of the saloon, at other times so gay and comfortable, was certainly, on that eventful morning, most wretched. I remember well that, as I walked with Captain Jones on the deck, in the course of the afternoon, he pointed out to me a board, which had been left from the boat washed away in the night. This board had the name of the steamer upon it, and he rather exultingly remarked, that, if the boat were picked up, no one would be able to tell that it belonged to the "Hungarian." Little did he think, poor fellow, that during her next voyage, the gallant ship would disappear with himself and every soul on board, without leaving a vestige behind except the boats which were washed ashore.

We called at Queenstown, but remained only long enough to land the mails. Proceeding to our port of destination, we arrived in Liverpool on the thirteenth morning after our departure from Portland;—and I was soon comfortably settled, with my daughters,

under the hospitable roof of my kind friend, Mr. Saunders, of Fullwood, where we soon forgot the discomforts of the sea in the right-hearted welcome which we received from our host and all his household.

It is apart from my present purpose to enter into any details connected with my sojourn in England. It may suffice to say that, after passing a few weeks with my sister, at Fritwell, Oxfordshire, I engaged a passage in the "Delta," one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamships (or the P. and O., as they are always called), and sailed from Southampton in February. I was unaccompanied by any friend; and although, on starting, my position seemed sad and lonely, yet I am not certain whether it may not be, on the whole, the best way of travelling. In many instances, where several or even two or three persons travel together, differences of opinion and consequent circumstances of annoyance will arise;—*one* may wish to remain only one day at a certain place, while *another* wishes to prolong his visit. Unless, therefore, a traveller can obtain a friend, who is prepared to proceed with him without hesitation, like an "*alter ego*," it is better to run the chance of falling in with companions, here and there on the way, than to bind one's self down to those,

who, from difference of taste or inequality of temper and spirits, may make the journey disagreeable, and mar the chief object in view, of which, in fact, I saw many instances.

I fortunately soon discovered among the passengers my old friend Butts, who had lately exchanged from the Canadian Rifles into the Buffs, then at Malta; and I at once found myself no longer an out-sider, as he knew many on board, and gladly introduced me. At length, we were on the move, and passed close to the "Great Eastern;" but so great a gale began, as we proceeded on our way to the Channel, that we were glad to anchor at the Needles.

Next morning we ventured out, but the gale continued, and Captain Black deemed it prudent to make for Portland, where we remained twenty-four hours; and we could hardly regret the opportunity which we thus enjoyed of estimating the value of the works now in progress at this important point. These, when completed, will make Portland, in England, as secure a harbour by art, as its namesake in the new world is by nature. The fortifications will certainly be exceedingly effective; and there can be little doubt that this harbour will become, in the course of a few years, one of the most important in the kingdom.

On the following morning, the sea was so smooth that it was difficult to imagine how so great a change could be effected in so short a space of time. We accordingly proceeded on our voyage with improved spirits, and under more favorable prospects.

We had on board the "Delta" about one hundred and twenty passengers;—nearly one-half of these were lads, fresh from Addiscombe, or other schools and colleges, on their way to India. On viewing their ruddy and healthy looks, and witnessing their buoyant spirits and ardent anticipations, it was impossible to forbear from reflecting how soon their rude health and sound northern constitutions might be shattered from the enervating effects of a tropical climate, and the debilitating nature and customs of the country to which they were bound.

The other half of the passengers consisted of officers, on their way to Gibraltar and Malta, or of gentlemen who travelled in search of health, amusement or instruction. Of the latter, there was one between whom and myself was soon established a sort of freemasonry, though neither of us belonged to the craft; but our feelings and tastes were congenial. He was greatly crushed in spirit, and was on his way to the East, seeking to soothe, by travel and change of scene, feelings which had been, he said,

painfully excited. I pointed out to him the following remarks, by the author of Eöthen: "Strange that so many should go annually to the East, for change of scene, occasioned by occurrences such as this; but I think there is something so seductive in visiting Palestine, that I do not wonder at one's trying there, if treading the land, so memorable in the world's annals, were a sovereign cure to the mind diseased; though, in many cases, the cure may be but temporary, and end with the excitement."

My friend admitted that the cause of his journey was exactly similar; but, he said, he had never seen Kinglake's talented work, and was surprised his own case should have been so graphically described.

Many, like myself, were travelling for relaxation and amusement; altogether the company was very agreeable, and the successive days of the voyage passed rapidly away. The Bay of Biscay was (which it seldom is in February) in its blandest mood; and so unruffled was its surface, that a bark-canoe might have glided over it. We soon found ourselves within sight of land, passed Cintra at no great distance, and had an excellent view of the Rock of Lisbon and the mouth of the Tagus; but the whole extent of the coast of Portugal is classic ground. Cape St. Vincent and the Bay of Trafalgar excited emotions of no

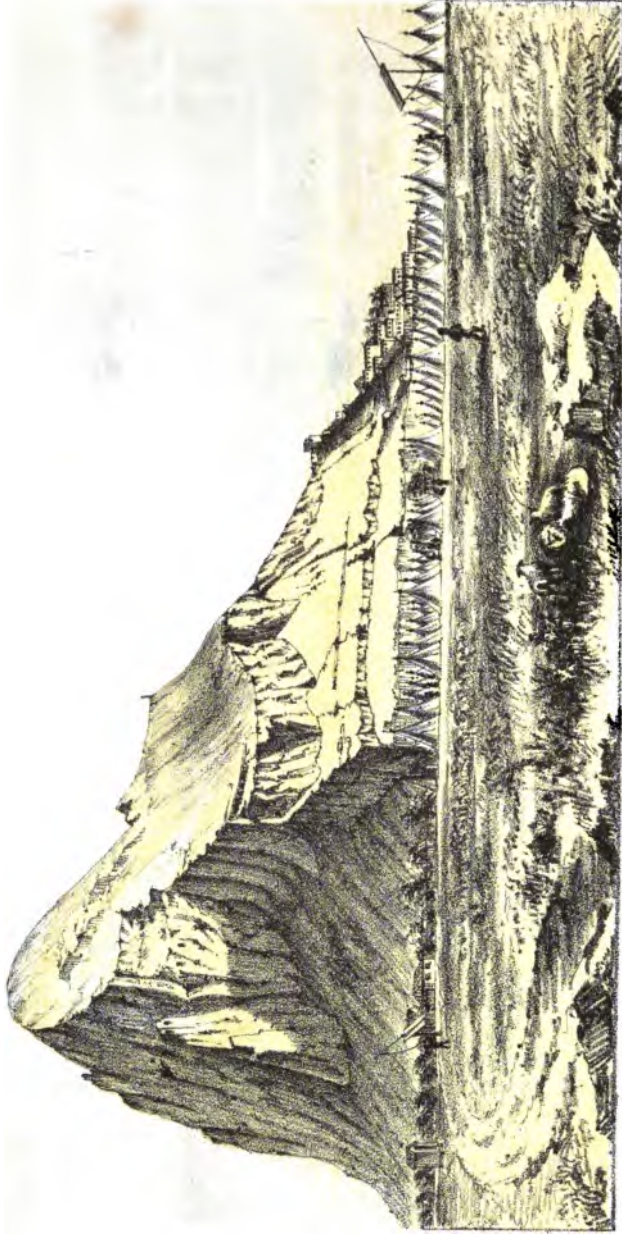
ordinary nature ; nor was it possible with indifferent feelings to pass places, the names of which have been familiar to our most interesting historical associations.

It now began to blow a strong *Levanter* ; and as this wind had prevailed for several days, we did not meet with as many vessels as we otherwise would have done. The war between the Spaniards and Moors was then at its height ; but all the vessels of the former, which, with the transports, made a large fleet, were in the Bay of Gibraltar, under the guns of Algeziras.

Seven days had elapsed, since we left Southampton, when we dropped anchor ; and the first stage of my progress from England to the East was over.

We had reached the far-famed Pillars of Hercules.





W. A. Little Lith. Montreal

GIBRALTAR

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR.

WE were all on deck early next morning, and, although the weather was dull and rainy, every one was cheerful and buoyant with expectation.

As I gazed on the stronghold before us,—the south-western gate of Spain, and the key of the Mediterranean,—I was, in many respects, forcibly reminded of our own good city, Quebec. Gibraltar, it is true, is four times higher than Cape Diamond; but the importance of their site is similar, the rock of either equally abrupt, each commanding views of the greatest beauty and magnificence. The scenery surrounding Quebec, as viewed from the Grand Battery, the Durham Terrace, and other such points, is familiar to most of my Canadian readers.

At Gibraltar, the coast of Spain, with the towns of San Roque and Algeziras, is close at hand; while

in the distance, the shores of Africa, with the Atlantic on the one side, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the other, make up the picture, and a lovely one it is ; for in the Bay, at your feet, are the fleets of England and Spain—the war between the latter and Morocco being then actively carried on ; there were also several men-of-war belonging to France, Austria, and the United States.

The Levanter, mentioned in the previous chapter, had been blowing for weeks ; and had detained in the Bay, under the guns of Algeziras, upwards of a hundred vessels, principally transports, temporarily in the service of Spain, and all about to proceed, on the first change of wind, in the operations against Tangier, — Tetuan having been taken a short time previous to our arrival.

Boats without number were alongside of the “Delta” at break of day, and, the sea being very rough, we had to tack about for three-quarters of an hour before we landed at the market-place ; and when we did land, what a Babel met our ears ! Soldiers and sailors, muleteers and water-carriers ; Arabs, with their unmistakeable physiognomy ; Moors, with their well-developed forms, snow-white turbans, jabadores of scarlet cloth, white undergarments, and bedeyas rich with gold—wrapped in their national plaid, the haik,

held in much esteem by them from the earliest period of their history ; a few of their (the Moors') ancient opponents, Spanish soldiers, in uniform ; and Jews innumerable, who had fled from Morocco on account of the barbarous treatment several of their number had received from the Mohammedans. Everything seemed so novel, that you at once felt you had, in reality, entered the portals of the East.

Nearly all the Jews I met here had fled—terror-stricken—from their homes. They embarked at the different Moorish ports in hundreds, abandoning everything they possessed, and arrived at Gibraltar in a state of utter destitution. Many young women and children, among the fugitives, had no other shelter than the canopy of heaven, and numbers had not even food to eat. His Excellency Sir William Codrington headed the Christian community in their charitable efforts, actively aided by a Committee of the Jewish residents, formed for the purpose of affording relief to their unfortunate brethren. His Excellency caused tents to be erected on the parade-ground, for their accommodation, and bread and meat to be distributed among the necessitous, who numbered nearly two thousand. Sir William and Lady Codrington's sympathy with these destitute sufferers was beyond all praise, and will ever endear them to this scattered race.

I have no wish or intention to give particular descriptions of the places I have visited, which are accurately detailed in Murray and Bradshaw's hand-books ; my object, in fact, in extending my rough notes, is to show Canadians how much may be achieved in a limited period, and at a time when so many can leave the Province without great inconvenience. From January to May will suffice, and from thirty to forty shillings a-day will enable one to travel as a first-class passenger. Steamboat fares in the Mediterranean are very high ; and, as an instance, I may mention, I paid twenty pounds from Constantinople to Marseilles, embracing some five or six days.

It is Shenstone, I believe, who makes an observation, in verse, which I have seen often quoted :—

“ Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think, he oft has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.”

Now, I allude to this, not to complain of my reception any where, but to show the difference between mine host in England and in the East, or on the Continent, where a traveller arrives and is allowed to depart with the utmost indifference.

In Gibraltar I found things, in this respect, much worse than any where else. The Club House was

full; and (with great difficulty) I succeeded in obtaining a miserable bed-room in the next best hotel, where every thing looked so uncomfortable, that I anticipated my week at the "Rock" would be the reverse of pleasant. The garrison was very numerous, consisting of six or seven thousand men, with a large portion of Artillery. I soon found my way to the quarters of the 100th, and dined at mess with the officers,—Canada being of course the chief subject of conversation.

On my return to the hotel (tavern would be a more appropriate name), I found a most kind and pressing invitation from His Excellency Sir William Codrington, to take up my quarters forthwith "at the Convent,"—the name given to the residence of the Governor, or rather the name that has never changed since it was the abode of the religious recluse in days long gone by.—One night at the hotel had been one of such misery, that I was but too glad to accept the proffered kindness; and the removal from such a place to the residence of the Governor was as delightful as alighting on an oasis in the desert must be to the wearied traveller.

In the rear of the Government House there is a handsome quadrangular court, full of orange and citron trees with flowering shrubs; there were, also,

some very beautiful pepper trees, which I had never before seen, and which were not unlike the acacia. With rooms opening into the court on one side, and with a large and beautiful garden on the other, I found myself most agreeably domiciled, while the hospitable kindness of Sir William and Lady Codrington made me feel quite at home. They had been stationed in former years in Quebec, and they made me at once feel as if I were among Canadian friends.

The fortifications, I need hardly say, are as strong as art and nature can combine to make them. A walk through the galleries, bristling with cannon, presents such an imposing sight as one can hardly have an opportunity of seeing in any other fortified place. The galleries are large roads or passages, cut in a zig-zag form in the solid rock, with apertures every here and there, large enough to admit the planting of cannon; such indeed, in my opinion, are the strength and security of the works, that not even rifled cannon could be brought to bear with any marked impression. Famine alone can, I think, ever remove the meteor flag of England from this great stronghold, which the authorities at home are annually strengthening, and seem to know well its value; although there are political economists who would hand it over to Spain to-morrow, alleging that the

cost of maintenance and fortification is more than it is worth.

The agreeableness of my brief sojourn in Gibraltar was much enhanced by the kind attentions of Colonel Maberly of the Artillery, Col. Fane of the 25th, and Mr. Carpenter of the Commissariat, who had been many years in Quebec; and also, by Col. Dunn and by the officers of the 100th Regiment, who gave me a most cordial welcome. Their Colonel, the Baron de Rottenburgh, was even kind enough to order the Regiment to parade, so that I might be a witness of their proficiency, and report well of them on my return to Canada; and assuredly a more soldierly-looking set of men I have seldom seen.

It is well-known that almost every man in the 100th is either a native of Canada, or has been a resident in the Province; and when they were raised, in 1858, it was generally believed that the regiment would at once join the army in India; but, after a year or two in England, peace came,—and many who were all anxiety to see active service, and “seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon’s mouth,” now regret that they are doomed to dull routine in a Garrison town. When the regiment was raised, a general opinion prevailed in Canada, that the Provincial Legislature would have conferred some testimonial,

some special grant or mark of distinction on this regiment, for the purpose of keeping alive the cherished associations originally subsisting between the men and this important portion of the empire, where it was formed. But, through some cause or other, nothing has yet been done. Measures have however lately been taken to give the Canadian public an opportunity of promoting this laudable object ; and I shall, indeed, feel gratified if my casual visit to Gibraltar should prove the means of accelerating the completion of an act of but bare justice.

A handsome piece of plate for the mess, something for that of the non-commissioned officers, and a library for the men, might be procured by an easy effort in either section of the Province. If a library should be at variance with the regulations of the army, the half of the money collected might be funded, and the interest expended in the purchase of periodicals, newspapers, cricket-balls, &c., &c. Indeed, I am strongly inclined to believe that an annual amount, so applied, would be better calculated to keep alive, for years and years, the kindred ties and associations, which should ever exist between the regiment and Canada.

The presentation of a large library, all at once, may be accompanied by several disadvantages. The

books are soon worn out and disfigured by constant use, and a considerable expense entailed in its removal from station to station ; indeed, the larger it might become, the greater would this difficulty be felt.

The military authorities very properly have established a recruiting party in the Province ; and such is the love of adventure, and the desire to see foreign parts, that there is no difficulty in getting men, who prefer sixpence a-day, with the chance of seeing the world, to four or five shillings daily wages for ordinary or farm labour ; and it must not be forgotten, however, that the term of military service being now limited, the soldier's life is far less hopeless than it was many years ago.

“ Gib.,” as military men usually call it, seems, on the whole, a favorite station ; though I heard a good deal of *ennui* being a prevalent complaint. There is very little general society, apart from the military ; and rides in the country are confined to the cork-woods, and a few Spanish towns in the immediate neighbourhood. There is, however, a pack of hounds kept up ; and, while I was there, the theatre was open, the company consisting of a party of Zouaves, who had been in the Crimea.

One favorite piece was “A Surprise by the Russians on the Corps Dramatique.” This was the representa-

tion of an occurrence, which actually took place in the midst of some fine acting, and had been attended with the loss of life. Some of the Zouaves were attired as ladies, with a profusion of crinoline; and were compelled, in the midst of a most touching scene, to throw aside their flaming red-petticoats, and seize their muskets,—the effect of which was very laughable, though no joke at the time. The house was poorly attended; the taste for theatricals being as dull at Gibraltar as in any other part of the English world. A great change has taken place certainly, in this respect, since the days of good Queen Bess; late dinner-hours have had much to do, I suspect, in effecting this state of things—more, in fact, than many would be willing to allow.

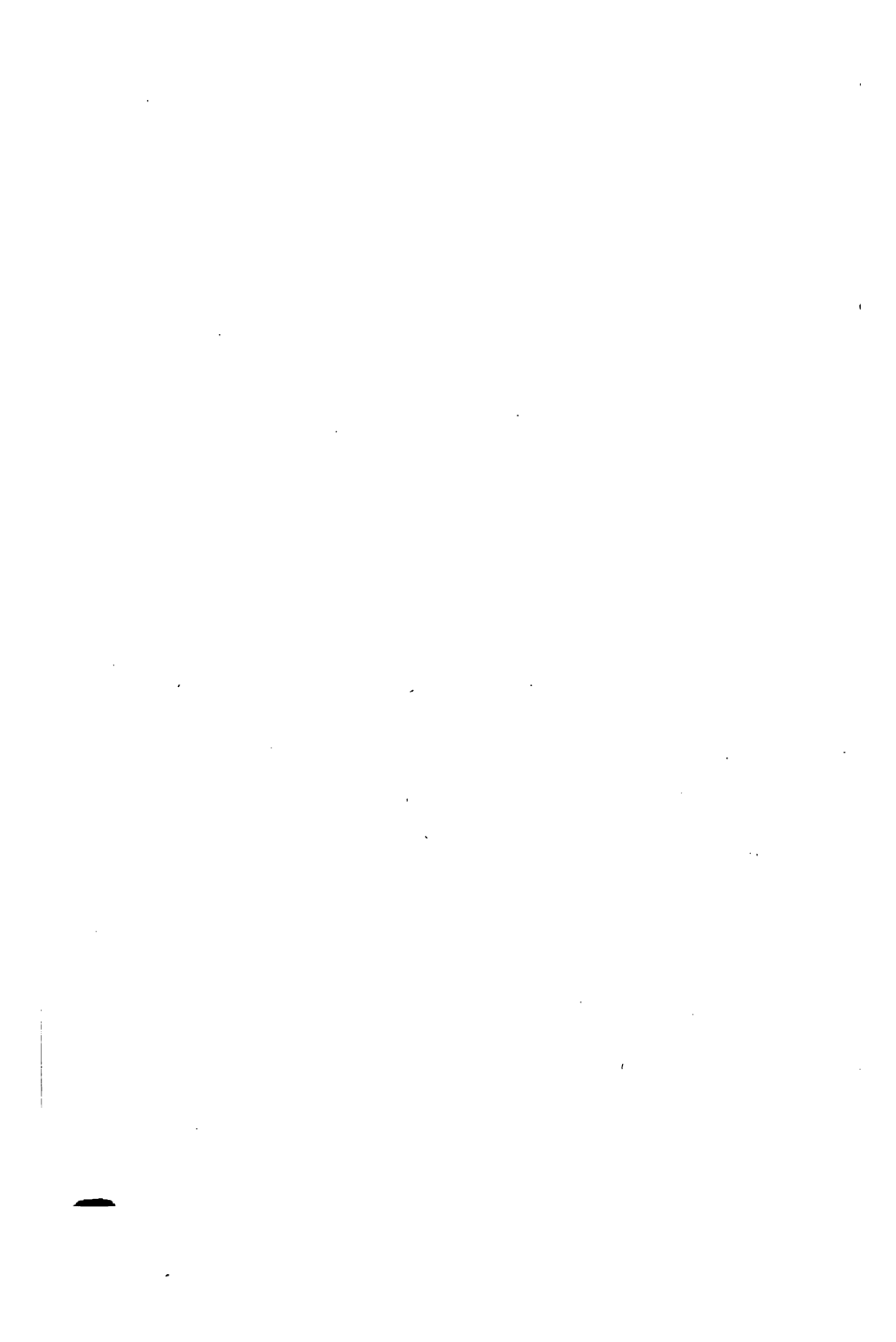
The streets in Gibraltar,—or I should rather say the street,—is very narrow; but, at all hours of the day, it is full of people. The gardens, walks and drives, between the Almeida and Europa Point, are very beautiful, and produce on the stranger the most delightful impression of the far-famed Mountain of Tarik. The name of Gibraltar is well-known to be a corruption of Jebel-Tarik, the Arabic conqueror of that part of Spain.

It was not one of the least interesting circumstances attending my brief stay, that I should be

lodged in the very house in which the brave old General Elliott resided during the memorable siege, which he so gallantly and successfully maintained against the floating batteries of Spain. In the dining-room, his portrait and those of many of his companions in arms are to be seen, in the quaint, old style of the last century.

When in the East, I was particularly fortunate in point of weather, having experienced but two wet days,—one at Gibraltar, which enabled me to read Drinkwater's account of the siege, for he was there all the time and kept a regular journal daily. Although a little too minute, I found its perusal particularly attractive, having at the time every spot in view.

After a week's most pleasant residence, I bade adieu to Gibraltar; and as Sir William was kind enough to accompany me on board the "Ripon," and introduce me to Captain Christian, I was soon as much at home, among the passengers, as my fortunate meeting with Butts made me in the "Delta;" and the following day, I found a distant connexion of my own on board, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of Charleston, near neighbours of my sisters in Scotland.



CHAPTER III.

MALTA.

SUNDAY morning found us on the blue waters of the Mediterranean ; and, about noon, we had a very beautiful view of the lofty mountain range of Andalusia, the Sierra Nevada, some of the peaks of which are upwards of twelve or thirteen thousand feet high, and are covered with perpetual snow.

We sailed along the coast of Algeria, and passed the site of ancient Carthage, at a great distance, however. On the third day we had a close view of Pantellaria, the island prison of Naples for political offenders ; and it is not difficult to conceive the delight, which must have pervaded this isolated spot, when the intelligence of Garibaldi's exploits announced that the prison-doors would soon be open.

We reached Malta on Thursday ; the great strength of which and its commanding position in the Medi-

terrean have made its possession of importance to its many successive masters—the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Knights of Malta, and, last of all, the British, who are thus enabled to maintain an ascendancy over “the glad waters of the dark-blue sea.”

The Reverend Mr. Murray, of Jersey, who had taken his passage for Malta, for the benefit of his health, was induced by me to be my companion for Palestine ; and to his great biblical learning and general intelligence I am indebted for much information, and many valuable hints, which might otherwise have escaped my observation.

We landed very early in the morning ; and before breakfasting at Durnford’s Hotel (a most excellent one), we visited the fortifications, and the far-famed Church of St. John, in which are separate chapels for each language of the Knights Hospitallers.

The church, as a whole, is certainly a grand edifice ; although the façade is inferior in beauty to what I had anticipated, and a certain degree of heaviness pervades the whole building. The graves of the Knights are under the pavement of the church, and many of them are covered with rich mosaics, in marble, jasper and agate. Although the Temple Church in London, is far inferior in size, I much pre-

fer it, and it has always been an especial favorite with me ; it belonged, as every body knows, to the order of Knight Templars.

We visited the Palace, the residence of the Governor,—a large structure without any pretensions to architectural beauty. The interior, however, is interesting, especially the armoury—a very long apartment, full of all kinds of warlike implements, ancient and modern. Along the middle of the room, at regular distances, there are suits of armour, worn in different ages by the gallant knights, looking like so many soldiers on duty, and all wearing the badge of the famous order—the white cross on a red field.

The edifices, however, which interested me most, were the various *auberges* : these were inns, or rather palaces, erected for different classes of the Hospitallers, according to their respective origin and languages ; and they are in appearance very magnificent structures. They had been, in fact, the “ Clubs ” of the Knights of Malta ; and little could their gallant founders have anticipated that, in this year of grace, they would be used as officers’ quarters, mess-houses, printing offices, and private residences.

The appearance of the town is very striking ; the main street, which is about the only one deserving

the name, is rather narrow ; but in it are many fine and noble buildings, with balustrades opening from the windows, and jutting out so as rather to disfigure the street. The town is very hilly, and flights of steep steps branch off the main street, with houses on either side. The population is very large, and the whole town presented a most oriental scene.

We walked round the fortifications, and from the walls of Valetta were much pleased with the view of the town and surrounding country ; although there was little verdure to enliven the latter, the whole surface, as far as the eye could reach, being nothing but rock, with endless terraces to keep the little earth from being washed away in the season of the heavy rains.

The harbour, with its numerous creeks, is a very fine one, and certainly one of the safest in the world ; it is crowded with shipping of all kinds, from the proud man-of-war of seventy-four down to the Maltese skiff ; and, viewed from the glacis, it is a very lively picture.

In one respect, I was particularly fortunate in my visit to the East, for everywhere I escaped quarantine, that bane of travelling ; and nowhere is it more galling to the traveller, when in force, than in Malta, which is densely populated, and where the dread of

contagion is consequently so great. If the report that the cholera has made its appearance in Gibraltar be correct, there is little doubt the different lazarettos, throughout the whole Mediterranean, will soon be crowded with impatient travellers.

The Maltese are, generally speaking, a fine set of men, strong and robust, and not unlike our Indians; and are generally allowed to be of Moorish extraction. The dress, both of men and women, is very becoming, even although the hoop has not yet made its appearance among the latter; perhaps by the time it does, the oriental veil (the *onnella*), or head-dress derived therefrom, and for ages peculiar to Malta, may be seen adorning the heads of our ladies, in place of the ugly bonnet, now in vogue.

Before leaving, we visited the Convent of the Capuchins, and, on descending to the vaults, were shown the withered remains of monks, who died long, long ago, and of others, who more recently have "shuffled off this mortal coil." These latter were in every stage of decay and decomposition, and were nailed up in niches in the walls, dressed in full canonicals, the faces only exposed to view,—a most revolting sight, and one I do not recommend others to look at; although such is the morbid feeling in many, that this show will always prove an important source of revenue to the brotherhood. The monk,

who acted as our guide, pointed out, with no small degree of complacency, the niche intended for himself, when the King of Terrors would call him away.

I was sorry that time did not permit my visiting St. Paul's Bay—the spot where the great Apostle of the Gentiles landed. Many contend, from the word “*Adria*,” in the 27th verse of the 27th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, as well as from other reasons, that a small island in the Adriatic, is the Melita of the Acts ; but I think tradition, combined with arguments, even more forcible and with strong concurrent testimony, proves Malta to have been the island on which the Apostle was wrecked.

On the fourth day from Malta, we reached Alexandria, without the occurrence of anything remarkable. The approach to this old, and once so celebrated city, is very narrow and circuitous, but could easily be made straight ; yet, such is the dread of European powers, that the Turk deems it safer to leave the entrance a matter of difficulty, and one that could be easily made dangerous. Pompey's Pillar, in the distance, was long discernible before entering the harbour of this great *entrepôt*. On passing the Pacha's steamship, we lowered our colours to the Creseent ; and, from the deck, the mosques and minarets told us that we had reached the East.

CHAPTER IV.

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EGYPT—ALEXANDRIA—SUEZ.
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THE steamer was soon surrounded by boats, full of most importunate boatmen. So great, in fact, was their anxiety to secure the luggage of the passengers, that they considered they had a right to it, and to insist on the owner taking a passage with the successful possessor of his goods and chattels. At length we were enabled to bid adieu to the "Ripon," and were soon landed at the custom-house wharf.

Annoying as the squabbling of the boatmen undoubtedly was, it was nothing to that with which we were assailed on stepping ashore. About two hundred squalid-looking wretches, dressed so sparingly that their tailors would not make a fortune, immediately began to fight for our baggage, although the whole only consisted of a dozen portmanteaux and carpet-bags, belonging to our party of three. However, we

contrived to work our way to the custom-house, where our trunks were to be examined ; and, assuredly, if Alexandria is behind the age in many things, it may boast of simplicity and intelligibility in the carrying out of its customs' regulations. "Master, you give me your keys, or you give me sixpence," was an appeal which we could easily understand ; and the demand was so moderate, that we were glad to avoid the delay which a search would have entailed.

"*Bachsheesh*" is the first word that greets the ear of a stranger, on his arrival in Egypt or Turkey, and the last that is heard on his departure ; in sooth, it is still tingling in my ears. It was now fiercely reiterated by the fellows who carried our luggage, but a shilling among the twelve sent them away rejoicing : indeed, it is scarcely credible what a man will do there for a penny. "*Bachsheesh*" is demanded on every possible occasion, in every direction, and at every turning. It is not merely asked as alms (the literal meaning of the word), but it is sought or exacted, in a good-humoured way, as a legitimate present ; and travellers are too frequently apt to lose their temper at the pertinacity with which it is demanded. I asked a friend for the Arabic of "to-morrow," *boucra*, which I laughingly used, and thus easily escaped ; while some of my friends,

who answered peevishly or angrily, were assailed with fresh and unceasing importunity.

On the arrival of a stranger in Alexandria, he cannot fail to be forcibly struck with the motley sights which first meet his eyes :—camels are seen, slowly wending their way along the narrow, dirty streets ; donkeys innumerable, almost the sole means of conveyance ; women, shuffling along, with their faces covered so as to leave the eyes only exposed ; Nubians, black as jet ; Copts and Arabs ; Turks, smoking their *chibouques*, and every man you meet in the streets with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth ; children, carried astride on their mothers' shoulders (no wonder the Arabs are good horsemen), with their little faces bare, and so covered with flies that the traveller no longer wonders at the prevalency of ophthalmia.

After a short stay at the hotel, we proceeded to visit Pompey's Pillar, which did not, in any respect, equal my expectation or pre-conceived ideas, founded on descriptions given in books. Cleopatra's Needle was the next object of inspection ; and it was evident, at first sight, that this celebrated column has been greatly damaged by exposure to the winds and weather. We afterwards went to the palace of the Pacha ; the building has an imposing appearance from

a distance, but, on a nearer approach, it is found (as everything else in this crumbling country) in a decayed and still further decaying condition.

In the streets of this and all other cities of the East, women, except of the lower orders, are seldom met with. The dress of these consists merely of a blue linen shirt, and an upper garment of muslin thrown over the head. The face, with the exception of the eyes, is entirely concealed; but, in this respect, females of the higher class, when you do meet them, have introduced a marked change, for the muslin now worn is so thin, that the features are plainly discernible. Many women stain their lips a blue colour, and blacken their nails and part of their hands with the leaves of the *henna* tree. Upon the whole, I cannot say that I remember seeing a pretty face among the females of the land, or a countenance that excited even passing admiration.

The city of Alexandria, in its present condition, woefully disappoints the least sanguine traveller. I could not help thinking it one of the most dull and uninteresting places I had ever seen. The contrast between the modern town and the far-famed city, founded by the Macedonian conqueror, extended and embellished under the Ptolemies, produces disappointment and depression of spirits; even if great

allowance is made for exaggeration in the current statement, that ancient Alexandria contained three millions of inhabitants, and had a street of palaces two miles in length! With a record before us of the fall and decay of the great empires of the world, we find it difficult for the mind to realize the extent of the change that has taken place on this most highly-favored site.

After the occupation of a busy day, I enjoyed a sound sleep in my quarters in the hotel; but my companions, Mr. Murray, and a youngster of the name of Denny, who was travelling with him, made their appearance, the following morning, in a most pitiable plight. They could not say, with any degree of certainty, whether they had suffered greater infliction from the fleas or mosquitos; but they had passed a night of excruciating torture, and, every now and then, I heard some exclamation about the plagues of Egypt!

We left Alexandria early in the day, amid a deluging shower of rain, which quite satisfied us, notwithstanding the trite remarks of geographical text-books, that it never rains in Egypt; but this applies more particularly to Upper Egypt. During the summer I have seen it, in Canada, pour down sometimes very respectably; but the storm of rain which

fell, on our leaving Alexandria, was such as can never be washed from the memory. After a two miles drive we reached the railway, and at nine were fairly on our way to Cairo.

On entering the railway-carriage, we found almost every seat occupied. I got a place next to one of the descendants of the Prophet, easily distinguished by his rich fur cloak, and otherwise elaborate dress, and by the green turban (the badge of his descent). He looked like his countryman in Aleppo, alluded to by Othello, "a malignant and a turban'd Turk," with an eye (you may see its fellow in a menagerie) expressive of intense hatred. He scowled on me with absolute ferocity; and although he spoke in Arabic, it was easy to conceive that the words uttered implied some such complimentary salutation as—"Dog of an infidel! what dost thou here?" During the whole of our journey to Cairo, he continued to mutter expressions, no doubt equally flattering. I offered him a cigar, in the hope of propitiating him, but he drew back haughtily, as if the offer were an insult: so I left him to himself, and made a passing acquaintance with some Egyptian officers, who spoke a little French, and who were moving about on duty. Except in the case just mentioned, I always found that a cigar, courteously offered, was a sure introduction to friendly feeling.

It was in the railway-carriage that I first witnessed the punctilious devotion of the followers of Mahommed ; five times a-day do they turn towards Mecca, prostrating themselves on their knees, praying earnestly ; and, every now and then, touching the ground with their foreheads, springing and standing upright, they then resume the kneeling posture. What a lesson to us, who pride ourselves on being Christians ! Go into any of our churches, and see how few will condescend to bend the knee ; while engaged in prayer, how few will kneel ! I speak exclusively of men ; from woman we have a bright example, in this respect, and should follow it.

About noon, we reached the Nile ; and then we felt that we were indeed in the land of the Bible, which is, after all, here as in Palestine, the best handbook for the Christian traveller. Cold must that heart be, which swells not with emotion, when the eye, for the first time, gazes on this renowned river, the waters of which were turned into blood, and its banks became the scene of so many miracles and wonders ; and, add to this, we were now in the land where our Saviour passed a short time when an infant.

From the windows of the railway-carriage we beheld something new every moment :—long strings of camels,—numerous villages of mud-houses, the inha-

bitants of which appeared to live in a most destitute condition. Every where we saw mills for the elevation of water, for the purposes of irrigation, worked sometimes by oxen, sometimes by asses, and even by cows, but more frequently by men. The Pyramids now appeared upon the scene, looking more striking in the distance, than when more nearly approached. During the afternoon we passed the land of Goshen, and arrived at Cairo at about seven in the evening. On alighting, we were surprised to observe the number of passengers—not less than three hundred. The noise and uproar of the donkey-boys was most extraordinary, passing even the chattering of women when congregated together ; at length we found our way to Shepherd's well-known hotel—a magnificent building, which formerly belonged to the Pacha, and covers several acres of land. The entrance-hall is very spacious, with passages about twice as broad as the streets of the city. I got a capital bed-room ; and, with English servants in attendance, and a well-supplied table, could not help feeling comfortably at home. Shepherd himself, who has not passed the grand climacteric, has made a large fortune, and has lately purchased an estate in Warwickshire, where he intends to reside. I hope, for the sake of the tourists who may follow me, that his successor will keep as com-

fortable a house, as he has made a point of doing, for the benefit of wayfarers at a distance from home.

Before inspecting Cairo, and visiting the wonders in its vicinity, we determined to proceed at once to Suez, and obtain our promised glimpse of the Red Sea. Accordingly, we started next morning, at six o'clock, and in the course of half an hour were in the desert, crossing it in nearly the identical route which tradition gives to the children of Israel. Passing over the desert in a comfortable railway-carriage, and at railway speed, dispels in a great measure the poetical feeling associated with reminiscences of the caravan and the camel, going over the ground at the rate of three miles an hour. But who would, now, in these days of rapid transit, prefer going from London and Edinburgh in a post-chaise, or carriage and four,—the aristocratic mode of passing between these two capitals a very few years ago?

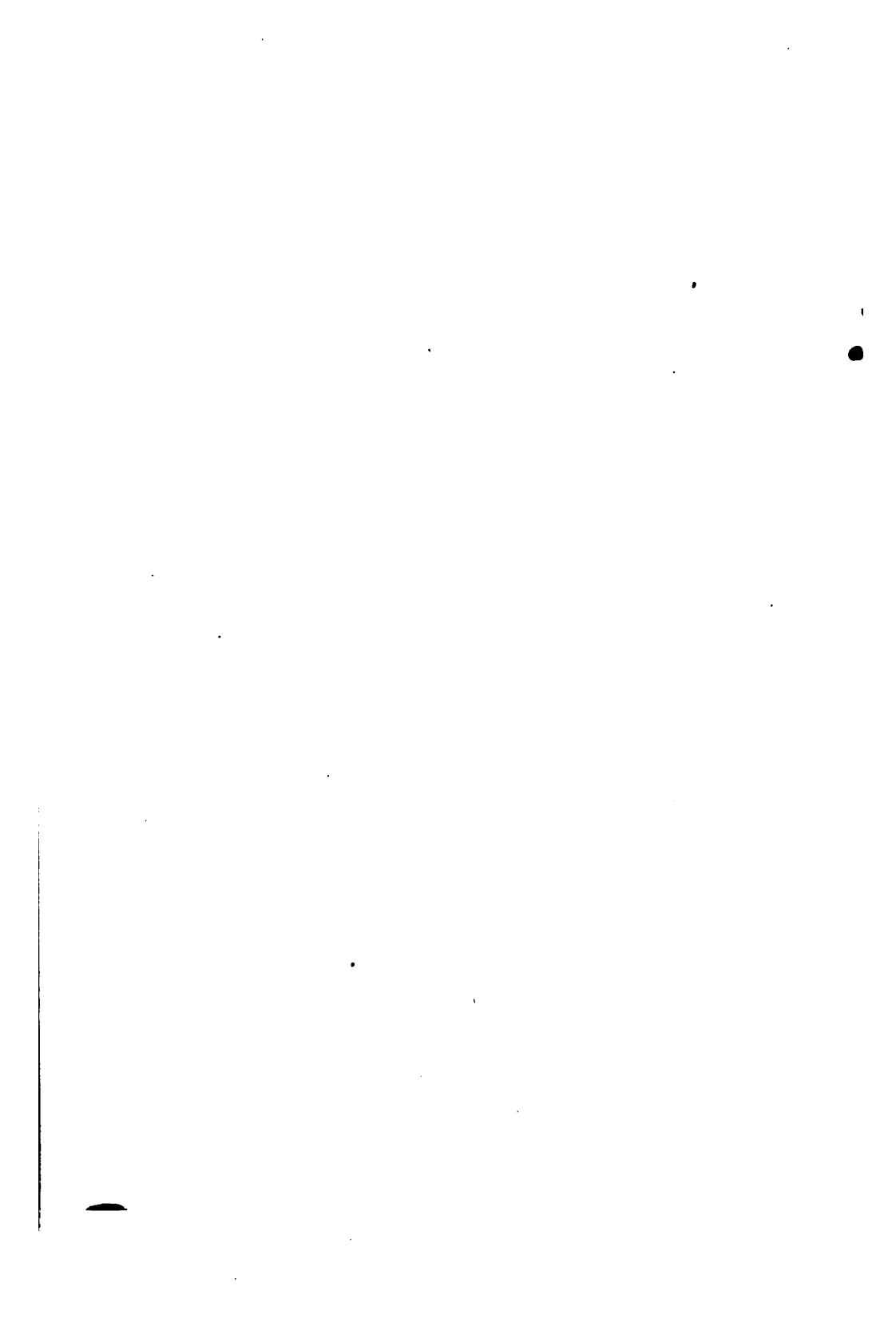
The desert is seen from the windows of the railway-car, as satisfactorily as can be desired; for what, in reality, is to be seen? All is lifeless and herbless, except when, here and there, may be descried a string of camels, wending their way, like "Ships of the Desert," as they are called. And yet occasionally, though it is scarcely possible to discern a blade of grass around, the traveller is struck by

espying a shepherd, with a large flock of sheep and goats, carefully leading them along, recalling to mind the figurative language of Scripture, in which the Great Shepherd is described as the leader of His people. We were also reminded, in the course of the day, of another scriptural allusion, and, thereby, of the extremely slight change in the customs of the East :—we saw “two women grinding at the mill.” At every step some text of Scripture is recalled to mind ; and certainly, among my souvenirs of this journey, one of the most agreeable arises from the illustrations, which might be gathered in confirmation of the truthfulness of the Bible.

The wind blew a gale, and the sand was like drifting snow, but it did not last long ; otherwise we should have been delayed, as is frequently the case, between Cairo and Suez. We reached Suez at noon, and a short time sufficed to see the miserable mud-huts which compose the town. Shepherd has an excellent house here, as well as at Cairo, situated immediately on the shores of the Red Sea. The spot, to which tradition points as the locality of the passage of the Children of Israel, is at some distance from this site. The Red Sea is, as every one knows, very long compared with its breadth ; and from Suez it has much the appearance of a river, especially to those who are familiar with the broad St. Lawrence

and the rivers of the American continent. But after my introductory remarks, the reader will not expect me to transcribe from hand-books or the polemical treatises of learned writers and travellers, the details connected with the extent or history of this renowned gulf.

I promised, in the title-page, to give *a glimpse* of three memorable seas, and I shall literally fulfil my promise by giving, as I have now done, a bird's-eye view of one of them.



CHAPTER V.

THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILWAY,

versus

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

SUEZ, in itself, is certainly a wretched village, and would not attract more of the public attention than any other small Egyptian town, were it not for the peculiarity of its site, the circumstance of its giving a name to the celebrated Isthmus, which connects Asia and Africa, and more especially, at present, for the attempts which are made towards the accomplishment of that great project—the construction of a canal to connect the Red Sea with the waters of the Mediterranean. In this respect it assumes considerable importance ; and although I do not, by any means, entertain the sanguine opinions expressed by Alison on this exciting topic, yet I cannot resist quoting his eloquent remarks, having a few plain

words to add in connection with the subject, and on the selection of the most desirable route from the British Islands to the East. In the twenty-fifth chapter of his *History of Europe*, the enthusiastic historian has these remarks :—

“ When in the revolution of ages, civilization shall have returned to its ancient cradle,—when the desolation of Mahommedan rule shall have ceased, and the light of religion illumined the land of its birth, Egypt will again become one of the great centres of human industry; the invention of steam will restore the communication with the East to its original channel, and the nation, which shall revive the canal of Suez, and open a direct communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, will pour into its bosom those streams of wealth, which in every age have constituted the principal sources of European opulence. The great Leibnitz, in the time of Louis XIV, addressed to that great monarch a memorial, which is one of the noblest monuments of political foresight :—‘ Sire, (said he,) it is not at home that you will succeed in subduing the Dutch; you will not cross their dikes, and you will rouse Europe to their assistance. It is in Egypt, that the real blow is to be struck. There you will find the true commercial route to India; you will wrest that lucrative commerce from Holland, you will secure the eternal dominion of France in the Levant, you will fill Christianity with joy.’ These ideas, however,” (adds the historian,) “ were beyond the age; and they lay dormant till revived by the genius of Napoleon.”

That similar views were, in fact, ardently entertained by Napoleon the First, is now a matter of history; nor is it doubtful that his nephew cherishes

like aspirations, and eagerly desires and plans to secure an effectual footing in Egypt. The nature of the desert, intervening between the Red Sea and the low marshy shores of the Mediterranean, in the vicinity of Alexandria, renders the construction of a canal almost an impossibility, without taking into consideration the immense expenditure, which must, under any circumstances, be incurred. This is the opinion of scientific men, who were sent specially to report upon the practicability of the project. It is certainly impossible to imagine how the quicksand can be mastered. Whether Mr. Lesseppe actually thinks that it may, and sincerely believes that the project is practicable, I will not undertake to assert : he undoubtedly finds the design highly popular in France, and (if we are to judge from the expenditure) not altogether unprofitable to himself.

It is highly probable that the work will be commenced in good earnest, for the enterprise enjoys the warm support of the French government. Whether it will be prosecuted with energy, may be reasonably doubted ; but one cannot help thinking, that it is intended as an important political move. Money enough will be spent in order to render some protection to French interests requisite ; and then, on some sudden emergency, before England or Europe can well be aware of what is going on, a French

force may be sent to Egypt, as has recently been the case in Syria. And thus, with the Gallic eagles in Algeria, Egypt and Syria, the Mediterranean may, with good reason, come to be styled "a French Lake."

From these considerations naturally arises the propriety of arguing a very important question: "Is Egypt the only line of speedy communication with India and the far East? Assuredly the project of forming a continuous line of railway across the northern continent of America, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, acquires, in such a discussion, a most prominent importance. The completion of such an immense work would bring China, with the eastern coast and islands of Asia, within thirty days of London, Liverpool and Glasgow, even for heavy merchandise; nor would Calcutta be much farther distant, in point of time, by this route, than it is by the present so-called *Overland-route*.

A Canadian on his travels may be allowed, at such a place as Suez, to enter into a few minute particulars connected with the discussion of this subject:—The Jesuits, during their early discoveries in Canada, conceived (it is well-known) the magnificent idea, that a western communication by water with Asia would be found to exist in this direction;

and thus, while pursuing their course along the waters of the broad St. Lawrence, they arrived at the expanse, where Ottawa unites with the main Canadian artery, about nine or ten miles above the city of Montreal: they were so convinced of their having fallen in with the desired passage, that they named the place *La Chine*,—a name which it retains to this day. If this vast idea, which so forcibly struck these zealous explorers, were now to be carried out by railway, instead of water, England might care less anxiously who had predominant possession in the Mediterranean. There would naturally follow a considerable saving in the navy estimates, there being fewer fleets to maintain, and the fleet on the Halifax station within ten days' call of the authorities at home.

About two years ago, at a public dinner given by some of the leading citizens of Quebec to Lord Bury, who had come from England to British North America, for the promotion of an object in connection with this question, the writer of these pages was one of the Vice-Presidents, and took the opportunity of delivering his views on the subject, in a speech, a report of which will be found in an Appendix, for the perusal of those who take an interest in such matters. Since that time, the very cordial reception given by the citizens of the United States to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his visit to

this continent, has made him change his opinion as to the desirability of having an Atlantic and Pacific railroad constructed solely on British territory. For, certainly, it would prove a powerful guarantee, for the general maintenance of peace, to have the British empire and the United States—even should there be two or more Confederations in their stead—bound together by their united interest in a highway, which might justly be considered as the most important in the world. It seems to me rather extraordinary, that so few public men, in England and Canada, give to this great measure that attention and support which it so eminently appears to deserve. The writer, when President of the Board of Trade in Quebec, signed a petition to the Provincial Legislature on the subject, but could not even succeed in getting a committee appointed to report thereupon; and when in London, last winter, he vainly essayed to induce one or two friends in the House of Commons to bring forward the project, as one worthy of Imperial consideration and support. It certainly might be accomplished, on pledging the value of the results which would accrue from the mineral produce of Columbia and the *Principality* of Vancouver's Island; for, undoubtedly, this island, with its excellent harbours, its extensive coal-fields, its abundant mineral productions, and other natural advantages,

would soon acquire a just title to such a denomination. But so great, in these days, is the dread of public opinion and ridicule, that no member, either in the Provincial or Imperial Legislature, has had the courage to come forward, and introduce the discussion of a measure, fraught with the highest importance to the world. In fact, I am not quite certain, whether the member, to whom the petition was entrusted in our Provincial Parliament, had the hardihood (!) to present it.

The distance, still to be spanned over, is great, and the cost would be very formidable in the eyes of most nations ; but, to the British empire and the United States difficulties should vanish, when it is considered that such a highway would give to them the control of the greater part of the trade to the far West and East, and would set the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, in a great measure, beyond or above the influence of European powers in congress. Destined, as they are, to be the great civilizers of the countless masses in India, China, and the adjacent countries, they might well be justified in regarding the completion of the Atlantic and Pacific railway as the great fact of the age.

If public men and capitalists in England would seriously turn their attention to this important ques-

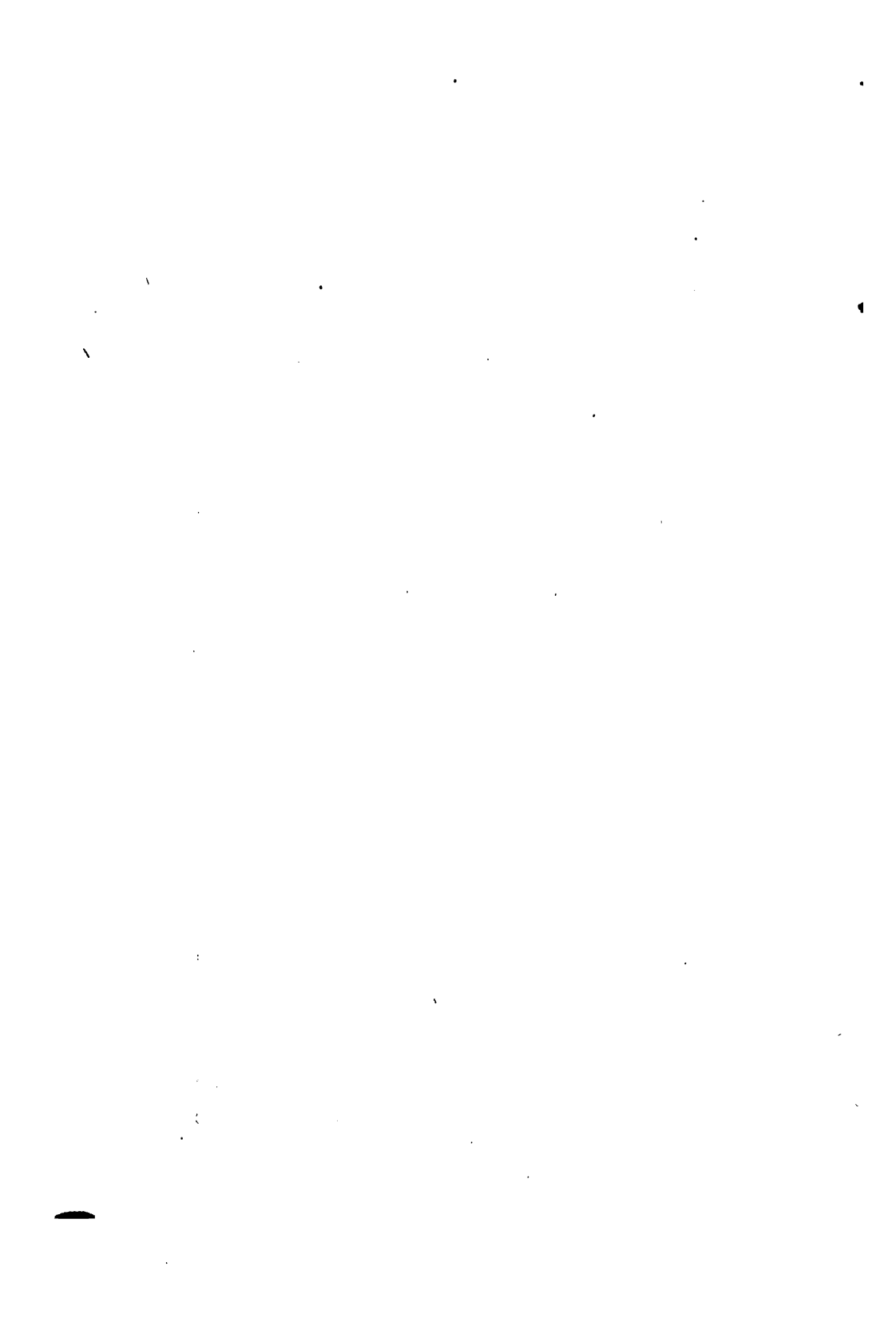
tion, and boldly look it in the face in all its bearings, they would enter as heartily into the great project as the people of the United States now do. Lord Bury and Judge Haliburton ought to be mentioned with distinction for the attention which they have given to this subject, and for the interest which they have taken in the whole question.* With regard to the expense, the annual saving in the navy estimates,—although by no means, at present, a popular consideration in England,—would (as I have already hinted) cover the outlay. There are, of course, as in all similar undertakings, engineering difficulties in the way, but these cannot be regarded as insurmountable in the present day. The Report of the party lately sent, under the guidance of Mr. Palisser, to examine the Rocky Mountains and explore the practicable Passes, will be anxiously looked for by those who feel an interest in the subject; and who should not?

But I begin to fear that even my *patient* readers will imagine that it is out of place for me, being in the east, to refer so pointedly, and at such length, to the far-west; yet the subject concerns not only British North America, in all its immense extent,

* Since these pages have been in type, an exceedingly good Editorial has appeared in the *London Illustrated News*, of the 16th February, strongly advocating this great work.

and the British Islands themselves, but also the whole Empire, and the world in general. I must, however, admit, that the digression has been rather long ; and I fear that, unless I make haste, the return train from Suez will have started, and I may be left alone in this village of mud-dwellings.

When at Suez, I felt a strong desire to proceed to Madras, having a son in the 60th Regiment, then stationed at that Presidency ; but my time was limited, and my visit to India would necessarily have been so short, that the pleasure of meeting would have been sadly counterbalanced by an almost immediate separation.



CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO CAIRO—THE PYRAMIDS.

THE Egyptian railway is admirably managed, and has a neat and clean appearance, the sleepers being of iron, instead of wood, as usual. The speed attained over the one hundred and forty-two miles, stoppages included, averages about twenty miles an hour. The engineers are mostly Scotch, though occasionally a native may be seen on duty, an arrangement calculated to excite an unpleasant feeling. It is in contemplation to carry on the railway towards Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea; this would shorten the overland-route, and lessen the time now required, by four or five days, besides avoiding the risk incurred in navigating the gulf, from coral-reefs of great extent.

On our arrival at Shepherd's excellent hotel, we were enabled to make arrangements for starting, the

following morning, on a visit to the Pyramids. Accordingly after an early breakfast, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Murray, young Denny and myself, went together, in a carriage, to old Cairo. On the way we passed the spot where (as tradition hands down) the infant Moses was taken from among the bulrushes.

We crossed the Nile in a ferry, and found donkeys awaiting us on the farther side ; speedily mounting, we were off at a gallop, accompanied by Arab boys, shouting most vociferously, and, every here and there, making a fresh rush on us for *bachsheesh*. We speedily crossed the wood of palm-trees, and were soon on the spacious plain, where the great battle of the Pyramids was fought in 1798, and where the Mamelukes were so completely routed. The words addressed by Napoleon to his troops, before the engagement, occurred to our minds as singularly adapted, on such a scene, to inspire his soldiers with more than wonted ardour:—"Remember, that, from the summit of these Pyramids, forty centuries contemplate your action !"

The Pyramids strike all travellers with feelings of wonder and admiration, which are increased in intensity the more nearly these huge monuments are approached. The height of the chief pyramid, ascribed to Cheops, is 477 feet, being 40 feet higher than St. Peter's cupola at Rome, and 133 feet higher than

St. Paul's in London, while the length of the base is 720 feet ; of the second pyramid, the perpendicular height is 456 feet, the slanting height 568, and the side of the base 684. These dimensions are larger than have been usually assigned, but this is accounted for from their being taken by Belzoni from the base cleared of the sand and rubbish.

When viewed from the ground, the stones forming the graduated steps seem so small to the gazer upwards, that a doubt arises in his mind, whether they will be sufficiently large to sustain the point of his shoe. Many visitors are consequently deterred from attempting the ascent ; but suddenly three or four Arabs seize the hesitating adventurer, and urge him upwards in a rather compulsory manner—one taking hold of each hand, and one or two pushing behind.

The blocks of stone are regular, about three feet deep, and as many wide ; so that persons ascending, on perceiving that the steps do not diminish in size, gradually lose the idea of danger, gain confidence, and, after some twenty minutes of pretty severe exercise, reach the top,—a plain surface about thirty feet square.

From this eminence there is a magnificent and altogether a most interesting view. The Nile, varying in width, is seen meandering through the desert;

and it has the appearance of a green snake, with the desert on either side, all dull and dreary. Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, seems to lie at your feet ; the Delta, so famous for its rich and fertile soil, forming the dead level towards the Mediterranean ; the Pyramids of Sakkara ; Memphis, and the Libyan desert—are all in sight.

The process, however, of being pulled and pushed up by the Arabs, is, after all, not very pleasant, and something more than a joke. They treat the adventurer under their hands as if he were a bale of goods ; and the wonder is, how he can escape without having his arms dislocated. They all know a little English now-a-days, and are fond of singing. “I have a donkey, and he would not go!” was one of the first exclamations that greeted the ear on our arrival in Alexandria ; but, at the Pyramids, the *refrain* was :

“ Englishman—very good man,
 Englishman—gentle-man,
Bachsheesh ! ”

In fact, *bachsheesh* is their constant cry, ever in their throats and on their lips ; and it is not so wonderful, perhaps, when we take into consideration, that it is their only means of earning a livelihood, or rather their sole resource of raising a revenue. And when they get the traveller to the top of the pyramid,

they practise extortion to the utmost; and induce many to give them all the money which they have about them. One would hardly grudge an extra half crown, on the summit of the great pyramid; but a distinct agreement, previously made through the dragoman, respecting the charge for going up and coming down, will afford sufficient protection; for there is always a Sheikh, or Head of the tribe, on the spot, and he will prevent imposition and see justice maintained.

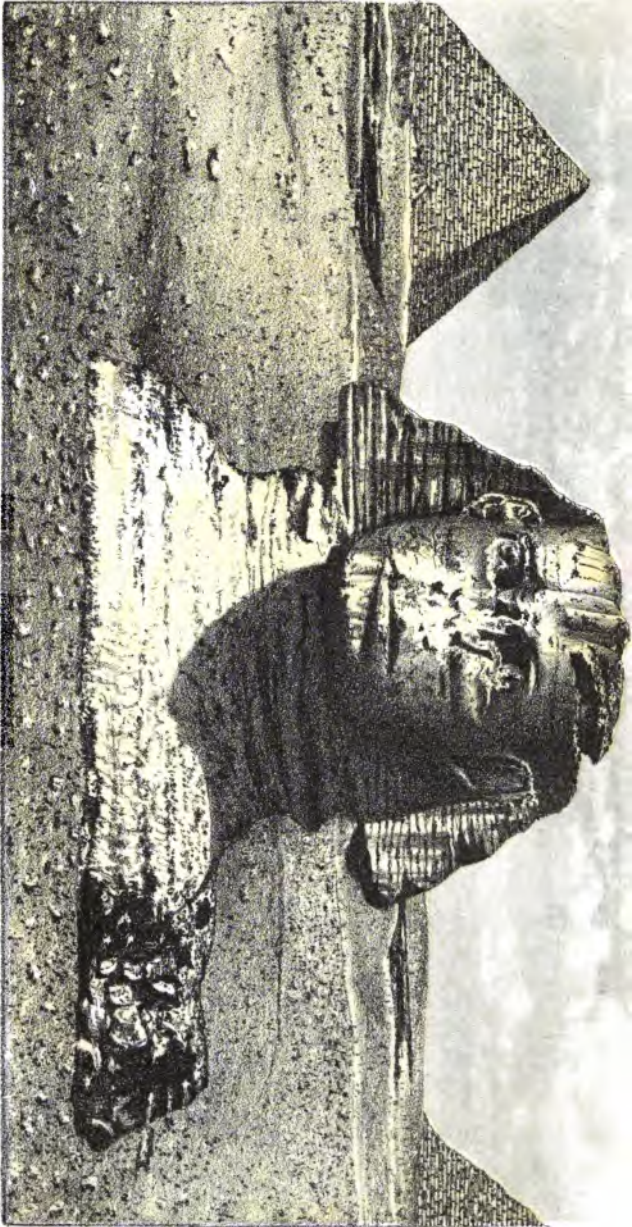
By whom were the Pyramids built, and for what purpose? These are questions, which do not fall within my present scope; and they have exercised the ingenuity and learning of ancient sages, as well as of modern philosophers and travellers. The following lines by Kirke White, on this subject, are as strikingly apposite, as they are remarkable for their beauty and truth:—

“ Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who
Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs and says,
The prey is mine;—they sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory burst its fetters.”

On approaching the Pyramids, an object is visible, which (on first sight) might be taken for a large boulder. On asking what it might be, I heard, to

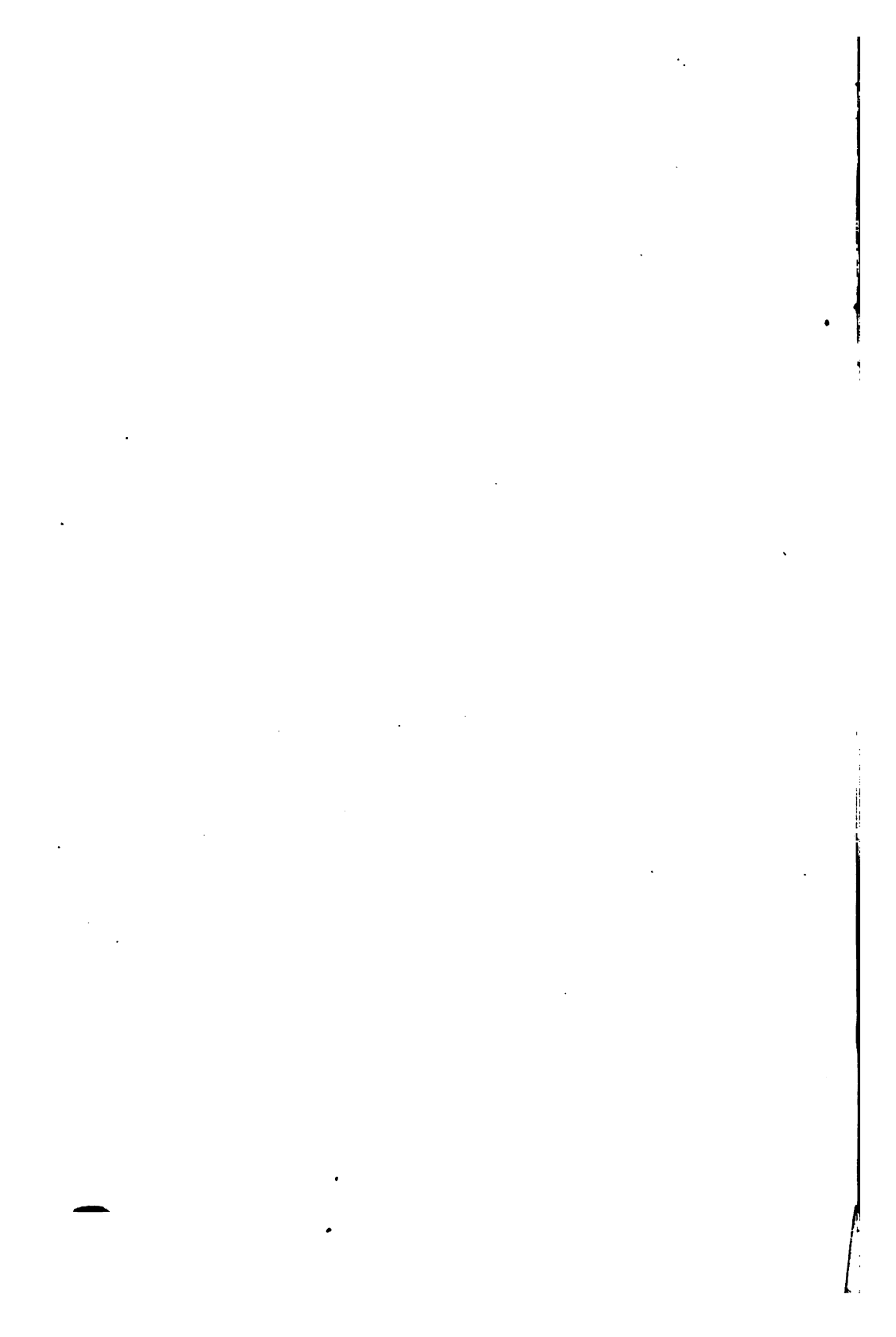
my surprise, that it was the Sphinx. A feeling of disappointment followed for the moment ; but this wore away as we drew nearer and became more fully aware of its colossal size. The head and shoulders only are seen, and are, to a certain extent, immersed in sand ; and the face is so weather-beaten, that ere long it will be difficult to trace the lineaments. The features, however, are still strongly marked, and are purely Coptic ; so strikingly was this the case, that Mr. Murray could not help remarking, that the little boy, who stood near us with a water-jug, might (as far as likeness was concerned) be justly taken for the sculptured monster's grandson. The little fellow understood English, and immediately cried : " Yes, that is my grandmother !"—there certainly was a decided resemblance.

On our return to Cairo, we visited the celebrated Mosque of Mahommed Ali, with its large court and its fountains. The mosque is built of alabaster ; and the large court is paved with the same material, inlaid here and there with marble. Near this spot is the Citadel, and likewise the Court where the Mamelukes were massacred. The fearful leap taken by Emir Bey, the sole survivor, is still pointed out ;—he escaped, but his gallant charger was killed by the fall.



WALL OF THE Isth. Montreal

THE SPHINX



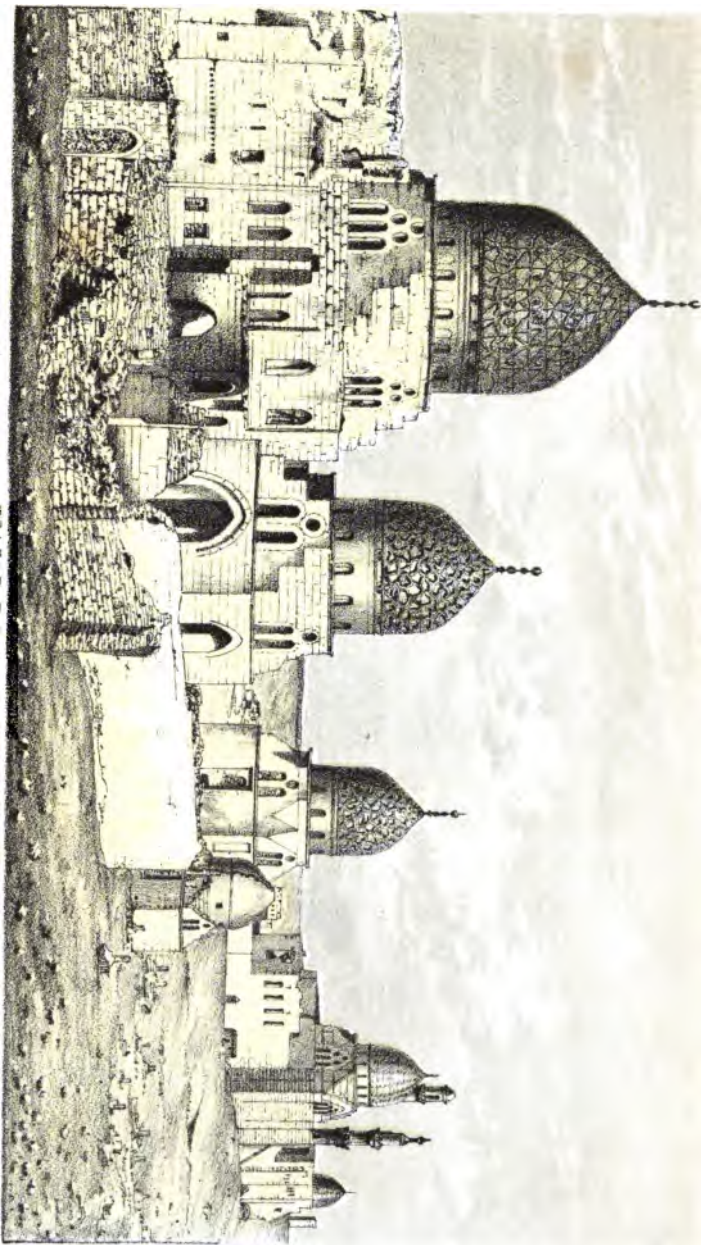
Christians are tolerated, but not welcomed, as visitors in the mosques. Master Denny, of our party, had strayed from us; and, after some time, I found him sitting cross-legged on the floor, while a fanatical Turk was meditating some signal punishment on the truant; however, on my reproaching the youngster with the breach of propriety and etiquette, the Turk withdrew. A fortnight afterwards, in the same mosque, a disgraceful outrage was committed by some forty or fifty Englishmen, which was subsequently commented on in both Houses of Parliament with great severity; and most deservedly so, for such conduct, in addition to other results, would soon render the mosques as difficult of access as they always had been till within the last few years. A Court Martial has been sitting in Calcutta on some of the leaders of this unwarrantable insult; and doubtless all concerned now lament their having conducted themselves in such an ungentlemanly and scandalous manner on the occasion in question, (4th April, 1860,) in mocking and insulting certain dervishes and other worshippers, while engaged in their devotions in this great mosque of Cairo, and in outraging the feelings of the Mahommedan inhabitants of this city, during a religious festival.

On our return from the mosque,—as it was the first day of their great festival, the Ramadan,—we visited,

in the course of the evening, a tent, which we had previously seen during the day. A party of dancing dervishes were here exhibiting ; but as some ladies had come with us, a few seconds of the sight sufficed to satisfy their curiosity, and we withdrew.

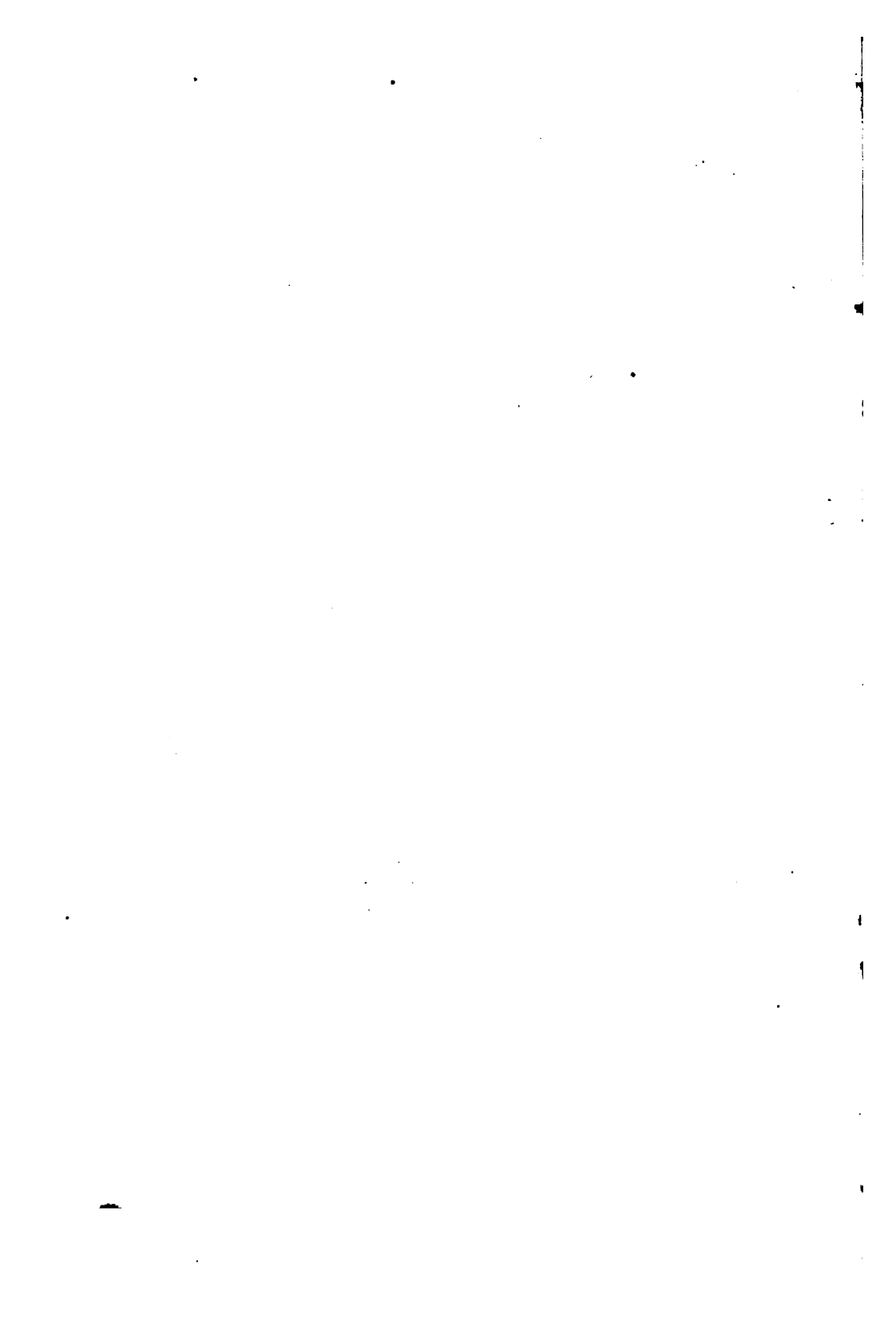
Next day we rode to the Petrified Forest, where the trees wear the appearance of having been quite recently cut ; so white and fresh do the chips look, that one could easily imagine the axe had been used the same morning. On our return, we passed through the tombs of the Caliphs—beautiful structures at a distance ; they have been well illustrated by photographs taken on the spot, one of which I am enabled to give. Gracefully Saracenic, in point of architecture, with their domes and minarets, they appear perfectly beautiful till they are reached ; and then a ride through the solitary City of the Dead becomes a melancholy occupation ; for those structures, which seem so fair at a distance, are found crumbling to decay. The domes are covered with elegant tiles, which apparently resist the destroying hand of time, as it spreads desolation around :—
“ data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.”

One day, I happened to take luncheon in the tomb lately discovered near the great pyramid of Cheops, and was moralizing on the very inconsistent use made



W. A. Little, Lith. Montreal

THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS



of that splendid mausoleum, with its beautiful pillars and proportions, yet spacious enough to make a magnificent dining-room. On this occasion, perceiving several beautiful specimens of beetles, I was reminded of a promise which I had made to a young lady of Montreal, the daughter of an esteemed friend, that I would endeavour to add to her collections in Natural History some entomological, as well as botanical, specimens.—The latter department I prevailed on Mr. Murray to undertake, for he was quite at home in this interesting branch.—Yet I soon discovered that the beetles alone bothered me considerably; for I had been instructed by the young lady to have a pot of boiling water in readiness, in which to throw them, being assured, by my fair young friend, that they would suffer no pain. I was, however, a little sceptical on this point, and became impressed with some glimmering recollections of the Brahminical doctrine of Metempsychosis; so I wrote to her, and remarked, that as possibly I might, in the delicate process, be guilty of torturing her great-great-grandmother or some ancestor of my own, I preferred sending her a few specimens, purchased at a Naturalist's museum in Cairo. This naturalist's collection was certainly of a most comprehensive and copious character, from a beetle up to a mummy, a crocodile or alligator.

Before leaving Cairo, we visited the storehouses of Joseph,—which are, in fact, nothing but an accumulation of old brick and other rubbish ;—and afterwards the Bazaars. These, it is well-known, are, in Eastern cities, the great marts of commerce, with their long labyrinths of narrow lanes. Every department of trade has a separate street to itself; these are very narrow, and generally covered, so as to preclude the burning rays of the sun. There is no room for wheeled carriages, but camels and donkeys innumerable wend their way quietly among the passengers. It is indeed wonderful, how one can escape the camels; every moment they seem likely to tread on the feet of the bystanders or passengers, and a *corn-crusher* of the kind should be prudently avoided.

The Turks, in exacting a price, generally demand three times as much as they will be content to take; but they are so listless and indifferent, ever with the long pipe in the mouth, that they decidedly seem to consider it a bore to sell their own wares. Their shops are stalls, crammed with an immense variety of articles. When a stranger makes a purchase, he finds great difficulty in making payment for it. Their coin is so wretchedly debased, and its value difficult to be ascertained; their copper is literally shavings, and their silver little better. It is amusing at times to hear the dragomen talking of ten thousand piastres,

as if the amount constituted a mint of money; whereas the value of a piastre does not exceed two pence sterling. Females are never seen attending the sale of goods.

The mode of salutation among the Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, is much the same. The kiss between man and man is seldom, if ever, seen; though such was undoubtedly the prevalent custom in the age of the patriarchs, and in much later times. This mode of salutation among males appears to be confined to the continental parts of Europe. The Turkish fashion between equals is to strike the palms of the hands together; then to touch the region of the heart with the right hand, indicating that all is right there; then to touch the lips, a gesture expressive of the readiness of the tongue to say everything that is polite and pleasant; then the forehead, intimating that the intellect comprehends the importance of the occasion;—and the ceremony concludes with an inclination of the head. This is all very well, I used to think; but the hearty shake of the hand, according to British custom, given with sincerity and cordiality, appeared to me to be a more simple and intelligible mode of salutation, and assuredly all that I should wish or expect from my fellow-man.

I fancied, several times, that I observed a notable resemblance between the Arabs and our North-

American Indians. Certainly both have the same high cheek-bones, the same dark complexion and copper colour, the hair black, but seldom any whiskers or beard. There is, however, one great difference; the Arabs are a cheerful and jocund set of people, full of animation, always laughing and chattering;—the American Indians, on the other hand, are an impassive race, not addicted to jocularities or laughter, but rather inclined to manifest contempt and indignation for those who indulge in such habits, especially if the laughter is loud and boisterous. A circumstance, illustrative of this latter fact, recurs so forcibly to my mind, that I cannot resist the opportunity of relating it at the conclusion of this protracted chapter:—When the late Lord Aylmer was Governor General of Canada, some thirty years ago, he went on an excursion to Gaspé. As such was a rare occurrence in those days, among others who flocked from various parts to welcome the representative of royalty, there came a party of Mic-mac Indians, to the number of five or six hundred. According to the usual phrase—*a great talk was organized*; and His Excellency landed, with a brilliant staff, to meet this respectable deputation of the aboriginal race. The Indian Chief,—a fine, powerful man, surrounded by his principal warriors,—commenced a long oration, delivered (as on all similar

occasions) in a sing-song, drawling sort of manner, with frequent bowing of the head, but solemnly and without excitement. It happened that a vessel had been wrecked, some months previously, at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence ; and the Indians in this quarter, being quite as adroit and ready as the wreckers on some parts of the Irish, Welsh and Cornish coasts, had profited largely by the windfall. Among other little ornaments, which they had seized, there was a box full of labels for decanters, marked, in conspicuous characters, "*Rum*," "*Gin*," "*Brandy*," &c., &c. The Chief had his head liberally encircled with tin ornaments of the usual kind ; and, on this occasion, he had dexterously affixed to his ears and nose some of the captured labels. At the beginning of the interview, these were not particularly discernible amid the novelty of the spectacle ; and it was only while listening to the lengthened harangue of the savage Chief, that His Excellency began to scrutinize his appearance and dress ; and then his eye alighted on the appendages hanging from his ears and nose, with the labels inscribed, "*Brandy*," "*Gin*," and "*Rum!*" Glancing towards his staff, he could no longer maintain his gravity, and was joined in a hearty but indecorous burst of unrestrainable laughter. The indignant Chief, with his followers, immediately withdrew, and would neither be pacified

nor persuaded to return on any terms or explanation. Lord Aylmer, in relating to me the circumstance, remarked, that he had often been in very trying situations, but that he had never felt so vexed as he had done on account of the offence which he had given to these poor people.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

FROM Cairo we returned by railway to Alexandria, and were fortunate enough to find a French steamer on the eve of starting for Jaffa in Palestine. Jaffa (the Joppa of the New Testament) looks remarkably well from the sea. Happily, on the morning of our arrival, the weather was calm; for there is only an open roadstead and no harbour, so that steamers are frequently obliged to proceed onwards to Beyrout, without landing passengers and goods destined for Jaffa. This is a great hardship, and one from which, by the conditions of the passage-ticket, there is no redress. The steamer, on this occasion, was full of passengers, the greater part being a caravan or convoy of Roman Catholics, *en route* for the Holy City. Among these I was glad to make the acquaintance of Dr. Durocher, of Montreal, and one of the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

Jaffa appeared to much advantage from the deck of the steamer ; but, on entering the city, we were sadly disappointed. The streets are narrow and filthy, and the *tout-ensemble* wore a most wretched look ; still we experienced a feeling of gratification, that we were, at length, safely arrived in Palestine.

We remained in the town a very short time, and found no difficulty in engaging a dragoman expressly for the journey to Jerusalem. This is a course which I should recommend, in preference to taking one at Cairo or Alexandria. By noon, we were on our way ; and certainly, though Jaffa is miserable enough within its precincts, it has a neighbourhood which a little culture would render most luxuriant and productive. We rode, I might almost say, through forests of orange, lemon and citron trees, the fragrance and perfume of which we had inhaled and enjoyed when we were a few miles off at sea, and the delightful odour continued to accompany us on our journey as far as Ramleh.

From Jaffa to Ramleh the traveller may ride, at a good pace, through the beautiful valley of Sharon ; which, though sandy, is well cultivated. A continuous train of wanderers and inhabitants prevent the route from being solitary ; for Easter is *the season* at Jerusalem, and the roads are numerously frequented. We

reached Ramleh in about three hours from Jaffa, and took up our abode in the Latin Convent. Here, thanks in a great measure to Mr. Brown, (one of our party, who spoke Spanish,) we were very hospitably entertained. The greater part of the Brotherhood are from Spain, but the *chef-de-cuisine* was an Italian; and certainly the dinner, which he served up, would not have disgraced a first-rate restaurant in Paris, or (what I consider to be as high a compliment) our own *chef* in the Conservative Club in London. Before dinner we ascended to the top of the tower, built in the time of the Crusaders; and, from this elevation, we had the valley of Sharon and the hill-country of Judea full in view before us,—a most interesting scene. Upon this spot Richard of the lion-heart was long encamped; and here he concluded the celebrated peace with Saladin the Great, before he left the Holy Land for ever.

We left Ramleh about four o'clock next morning, and were joined by several travellers; but these did not remain long in company with us. For about two hours our ride was a very pleasant one, but when we arrived at Latron, at the base of the hills, the pleasant part of our journey was ended; for there we commenced a dreary and painful ascent over steep, abrupt mountains, and soon found, to our discomfort, that we

were in the hill-country of Judea. It would be difficult for any one to form an adequate conception of the bridle-path over which we had to wend our way. It is, in many places, more suited for goats than horses; and so slippery were the hard, flinty rocks, that it excited our surprise how the horses managed to keep their footing at all. Here and there, valleys came in view, rich in terraces and cultivation, full of olive and fig-trees and spreading vines. Now and then a village of small huts, built of loose stones, with flat roofs, was seen on the side of a hill. But, upon the whole, it was a dreary ride; and the general face of the country around presented nothing but rock, except in the instances alluded to. In one sense the scene was lively, by reason of the number of pilgrims and travellers on their way to Jerusalem. The day was oppressively hot; and though we wore light wide-awakes, which were enveloped in white muslin, we found umbrellas very acceptable. After we had toiled along the road for about seven hours, at the rate of three miles an hour, one of our party had nearly broken down; but, at four o'clock, the "City of the Great King" came in sight, and the view cheered the faint and weary. Although the appearance of this ancient and renowned site was not so imposing from our present access, yet we all experienced a feeling of deep interest and enthusiastic excitement,

as we gazed earnestly on the spot itself and the surrounding country. It was holy ground ; and in this now comparatively small city, and its immediate vicinity, the most wonderful events in the history of man had been enacted ; here—it occurred to our minds with intermingled feelings of gratitude, humility and joy—the great atonement was offered.

The Jaffa Gate is the usual way of entering Jerusalem, except for those who approach from crossing the desert. As the traveller draws near to the city, he is struck by the high, regular and imposing walls, with which it is surrounded ; and though these would, undoubtedly, quickly crumble beneath an Armstrong or a Whitworth piece of artillery, they are found sufficient to keep the roving Arab and Bedouin in check.

The Mount of Olives rose in front of us, but on the other side of the city ; and although it is only two hundred feet higher than the site thereof, it creates an impression, that Jerusalem is situated on a low and level surface ; whereas, in reality, the mountain on which it is built is 2200 feet high.

On entering the Jaffa Gate—the most crowded of all the entrances—the traveller, when fairly within the walls, becomes painfully aware that he is indeed in an Eastern city. There is a total want of sewerage ;

the streets are narrow, and so badly paved (though paved with marble taken from the ruins of the temple, and used for this purpose,) and so slippery withal, that I could not help fearing that my jaded horse would stumble. Although I was assured to the contrary by the dragoman, who kindly laid hold of the bridle, the brute came down flat on his side, knocking me against a stone wall, and bruising me rather severely. I walked the remainder of the way, and soon arrived at Hauser's hotel, in Christian street, situated on the side of Hezekiah's Pool, which is immediately under the dining-room windows. There is another hotel; both are very comfortable, and the terms moderate. In fact, it is infinitely better to take up one's quarters in either of these than to go to any Convent, where everything is given grudgingly and as a favor,—where one is not his own master, and yet is expected to give twice as much as would be charged for better accommodation at the hotels; and where, if the weary traveller does sleep, it is in spite of the untiring efforts of the numerous insect tribe.

The 29th of March was the day on which I arrived in the Holy City,—a day much to be remembered by me. Although it was late in the afternoon, we had two hours to look about us; and we endeavoured to employ them profitably. We visited, in the first place, the Pacha's Palace, or Governor's House, built

upon the site of Herod's fortress of Antonia, which was destroyed by Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. It is highly probable that it was in this fort that Jesus was brought before Pilate, who, being at that time Governor of Judea, had his temporary residence in this stronghold when in Jerusalem; his ordinary place of abode being in Cæsarea. The present structure is upon the ancient foundations, at the north-west angle of what had been the Temple Courts: it is now used as barracks, and from its flat roof we first beheld the site of Solomon's Temple, lying as if it were at our feet; on the sacred spot now stands the Mosque of Omar. We had also a good view, from this point, of the Holy Sepulchre. We then passed along the *Via Dolorosa*; and I may here mention, that I found it much more satisfactory and gratifying to the feelings to accept the current traditions of the inhabitants with regard to the different localities and scenes mentioned in Scripture, than to impugn, and cavil at, their correctness. This is the spirit, also, in which the majority of travellers ought to visit the holy region, whatever may be their pretensions to learning and knowledge; for instance, when the pilgrim stands on Mount Calvary, where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is reared, what can it avail to dispute about the minutely exact locality? Jerusalem and its precincts are now so

limited, that the traditional spot cannot be very far distant from the real one, on which He suffered—He

“ Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

* * * * *

Yes,—the glad messenger of love
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came ;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.”

* * * * *

Coplas de Manrique—Longfellow's translation.

I confess that much of the delight, which I felt in Judea, would have been marred and lost, if I had visited it in a captious, carping or doubting spirit.

The *Ecce Homo* arch is very conspicuous ; it crosses a street and supports a ruinous gallery, from which (according to prevalent tradition) Pilate shewed our Saviour to the multitude, when they exclaimed, “ His blood be on us, and on our children ! ” And, standing here, it is impossible for the traveller not to reflect how fearfully this self-imprecated curse has been visited on the nation.

Next morning, we arose betimes, and spent the whole day in visiting different places in this most interesting city, where, as Fisk observes, “ Prophecy

has had its accomplishment, and Promise its fulfilment.”

We commenced our rounds by going out at the Zion Gate, where we were surrounded by those frightfully wretched sufferers the Lepers, this being their quarter. Most of them were so fearfully mutilated, that they could only crawl after us to solicit alms. Certainly, until I witnessed this spectacle, I never formed any adequate conception of the dreadful nature and extent of this loathsome disease, so often mentioned in Scripture. It is impossible to erase from the memory the impression caused by the painful scene. It is only in a miserable locality, near this gate, that these wretched outcasts are allowed to take up their abode. At Ramleh, on my return, I saw one family suffering under this awful affliction, but no where else out of Jerusalem.

After this, we passed Joab's tomb ; and proceeded through the valley of the Son of Hinnom, at the extremity of which is situated Tophet, infamous of old for the sacrifices offered to Molech—to propitiate whom children were made to pass through the fire, and other abominations were committed. We then visited, in succession, the Pool of Siloam, Absalom's tomb, the tombs of Zechariah and St. James, and also of Jehoshaphat ; from which last this great valley

has derived its name, though evidently under a mistaken notion.

Jerusalem lies, as it were, between these two valleys, and has another running across called the Tyropœon Valley, which separates the Hill of Zion on one side from Acra, and on the other from the Temple grounds. Over this declivity a bridge must at one time have existed, whereby the Kings of Judah might pass over to the Temple; and, in fact, the spring of the arch is still discernible. We crossed the brook Kedron, and returned to the city by St. Stephen's gate; we then proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we passed a considerable time. The church is used by the Roman Catholics, Greeks and Armenians; and is very gorgeously decorated, especially that part of it, which is shewn as the tomb of Joseph, in which the body of Jesus was laid.

I had never before witnessed the ceremonies of the Greek Church; they appear to me to resemble strongly those of the Latin—the chief difference between the two churches consisting in the calendar. The Greeks retain the old style, repudiate the use of images and the doctrine of purgatory, admit the laity to communion in both kinds, and sanction the marriage of the secular clergy.

On the following day, we again left the city, passing through St. Stephen's gate; we thence descended a very steep declivity to the brook Kedron, which we crossed by a bridge,—and, having visited the Garden of Gethsemane, we soon found ourselves ascending the Mount of Olives. The very name of Gethsemane, in such a vicinity, excites feelings of intense interest; but the Christian traveller can hardly rest satisfied with the assertion, that the circumscribed enclosure within stone walls, now exhibited by the Latin Monks, as the scene of the occurrences of that dread night, is the genuine Gethsemane. In fact the Greeks show, in opposition, another space lately inclosed; but the Olive trees in this are only in their infancy, while those in the Latin enclosure are evidently of great age. The probability, I think, is that, at the time of Christ's sojourn on earth, the whole valley was in a state of culture, and that the garden so-called was not confined to such a limited space, but extended over the cultivated ground.

The ascent to the Mount of Olives, on this side, is very precipitous, and on the summit stands the Church of the Ascension, now a mosque. From the top of this building there is a magnificent view, bounded by the mountains of Moab,—the intervening space including the city of Jericho, the outline of the Jordan,

and the Dead Sea looking like molten lead. The bold bluff of the mountains of Moab is remarkably striking, so abrupt and yet so clearly defined, with the Dead Sea at their base, that they seem within a few thousand yards, though, in reality, they are some twenty miles distant. From the summit of one of these, Moses was permitted, before his death, to view the Promised Land; though the place of his sepulture was never discovered, and the Israelites, prone "to start aside like a broken bow," were thereby prevented from offering idolatrous rites to the remains, or at the tomb of their great Lawgiver.

We next visited the Jews' *Place of Wailing*, where they are permitted to come, every Friday, and mourn over the foundations of the Temple. The place, where they meet for this purpose, is on the external side, where there are exposed to view five courses of immense stones, each about twenty feet in length. These so exactly resemble the tiers of stone in the walls of Abraham's tomb at Hebron, that there can be no doubt of their great antiquity; and, in fact, the tomb of the patriarch was re-constructed, or inclosed, by Solomon. The Temple itself was razed to the ground, but part of the foundations still remain; and to this spot, where these are visible, the Jews flock to weep and wail over their lost temple and departed glory, kissing the stones and reciting

texts from the Old Testament. Here they read the Penitential Psalms and the Lamentations of Jeremiah, presenting a vivid picture of their abject and degraded condition.

The Jews resident in the Holy City do not exceed six thousand in number ; they are mostly of Spanish origin, and very poor. Their ancestors were driven out of Spain by the short-sighted policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, towards the close of the fifteenth century ; and their descendants still speak a kind of corrupt Spanish, and with the exception of a few, they are in a miserable condition. The five chapters of the Lamentations of Jeremiah present a true, though sad, picture of the present state of Jerusalem and its Jewish inhabitants. The very opening of the book is thrillingly accurate :—“ How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people ! how is she become as a widow ! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary ! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks.”—And again : “ Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude : she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest : all her persecutors overtook her between the straits.”

“ It is a touching scene,” (says the writer in Murray’s Handbook, in eloquent terms,) “ which presents itself to the stranger,

every Friday, on this retired spot, the *Place of Wailing*; Jews of both sexes, of all ages, and from every quarter of the earth, raise up a united cry of lamentation over a desolated and dishonoured sanctuary. Old men may be seen tottering up to these massive stones, kissing them with fond rapture, burying their faces in the joints and cavities, while tears stream down their cheeks, and accents of deepest sorrow burst from their trembling lips!

During my brief sojourn in Jerusalem, I was fortunate enough to be admitted to their principal Synagogue, on the Day of Atonement. A large number of wealthy Jews, from all parts of the world, were present; for it is a prevalent custom, among the scattered race, to visit the Holy City at this season. We were surprised at seeing so many of these zealous Israelites clad in gorgeous garments, and were forcibly reminded of the beautiful painting (by Holman Hunt) of "Finding Our Lord in the Temple," in which the dresses of the Rabbis and the attendants are represented as very rich and brilliant. When we entered, we could not find seats; but one of our party, Mr. Brown, of St. Louis in the United States, a very good linguist, was recognised by a Spanish Rabbi, who happened to be expounding the Scriptures at the time. Mr. Brown had crossed from Marseilles to Alexandria in company with this same Rabbi, and had made his acquaintance. When he perceived that we could find no seats, he paused in his discourse, and said a few words to another person, who was with

him in the reading-desk or raised dais, in the middle of the building ; and we were invited to take our seats alongside of them, one of our number being a Minister of the Gospel. Few Christians, probably, have ever been so favored in a synagogue ; for the Jews are jealous and intolerant in such respects, and the eyes of many seemed to look upon us as unduly privileged. We remained, with our hats on, for an hour and a half ; and during this time we witnessed the very interesting ceremony of the elevation of the Law. The parchments are carried round, and the people touch the fringe, kissing their fingers afterwards.

No women were in the building—they remain outside at the windows ; and it would appear that, in matters spiritual at least, they are regarded or treated as inferior to the male sex. I have, since my return, been informed by way of explanation, that the ark, in which the Pentateuch is deposited, is considered as *a holy place*, and can only be approached by the male line of the priestly family of Aaron ; that on the Day of Atonement (on which anniversary I was present), on the Festival of the New-Year, and some other stated occasions, the Parchments are carried round, the Priest repeating, “This is the Law of Moses,” and blessing the people in the words which are directed to be used, in the

6th chapter of the Book of Numbers:—"The LORD bless thee, and keep thee: The LORD make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

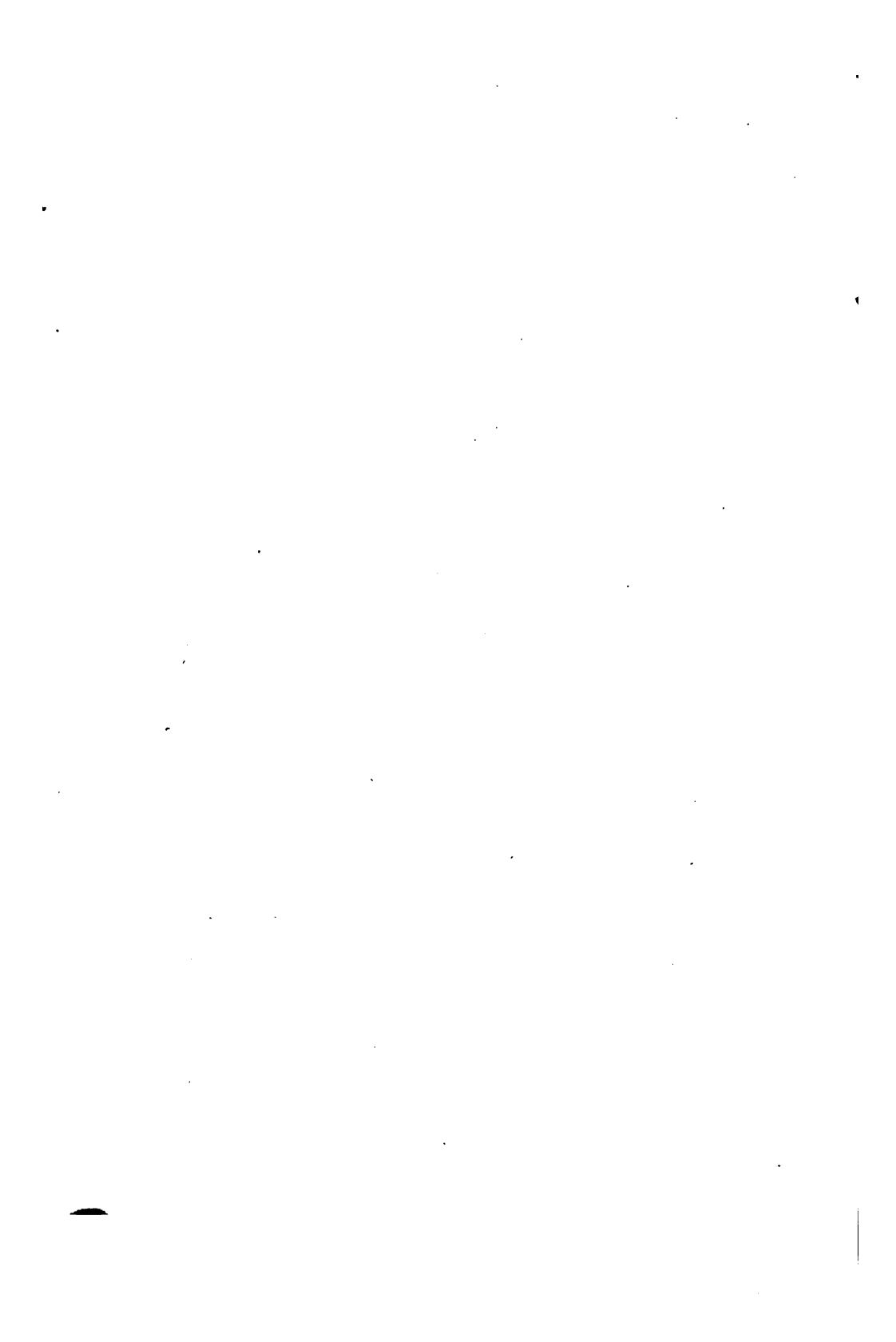
The Jew has no longer High Priest, Sacrifice or Temple; but he continues to live in hope, and, annually, numbers find their way to the Holy City, there to die, and to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where (both Jew and Mahommedan believe) the final judgment will take place.

In company with Mrs. Finn,—who, with her husband the Consul, takes great interest in matters connected with the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem,—I visited several schools and hospitals, founded, for the benefit of this ancient race, by the charity and liberality of English and Prussian protestants. These were all remarkably clean and tidy, in marked and pleasing contrast with every thing around them.

Great efforts have been made, in a spirit of enlarged philanthropy, to induce the poor Jews to labour for a livelihood, instead of existing on the miserable pittance annually doled out to them, or the supplies of bread and other necessaries begged for and collected by the servants of the synagogues for the sustenance of the needy. A farm has been purchased, for the pro-

motion of this important purpose, by the Jerusalem Agricultural Association; and from this well-intentioned project happy results are anticipated. Sir Moses Montefiore has done much towards founding schools in Jerusalem, for the benefit of his impoverished co-religionists. He is also, at present, in conjunction with a wealthy Hebrew of New Orleans, building a large range of almshouses outside the Zion gate, and they have employed an English architect, to ensure the due accomplishment of their beneficent intentions. These wealthy and benevolent men deserve high commendation for their charitable undertakings, and they do well to leave such memorable "Footprints on the sands of Time."

Before leaving the Jews' quarter, I may state, that it is the most filthy and uninteresting part of the city, being literally "heaps of stone" and rubbish. Taking up my prayer-book, I could not help reflecting how completely had been verified the words of the first verse of the seventy-ninth Psalm:—"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy Holy Temple have they defiled; and made Jerusalem an heap of stones."



CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM AND VICINITY—JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA.

ON Sunday, the 1st of April, we attended the English Cathedral. The church was well filled; the service was conducted most impressively; the singing was good, and an excellent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Gobat, on the text (peculiarly appropriate): "He was numbered among the transgressors." The Bishop's delivery was slow, but very distinct for a foreigner; some of his hearers are said to complain that his discourses are rather long. I was not furnished with any letter to the Right Reverend Prelate, but he had the kindness to call and invite me to spend the evening with him; I had, however, previously proceeded to the Jordan.

The church is a very handsome building, though plain in style. The number of Protestants resident

in Jerusalem does not much exceed an hundred and fifty ; yet, at this season of the year, the congregation generally amounts to two or three hundred persons, so many English and American tourists constantly flocking to the Holy City at the time of Easter. The number of travellers from America is greatly in excess of that from Britain ; but all, being accounted of the same Anglo-Saxon origin, are treated alike, and meet with the same attention in the East.

The Russians are acquiring a large portion of the city, and are building a spacious embassy ; during my visit, they were digging out the foundations, and had gone to a great depth, some twenty feet below the present surface, but had found nothing save rubbish and heaps of stones. The Russians, indeed, seem as intent on acquiring a broad footing in Palestine, as the French are desirous of obtaining one in Syria and in Egypt. This eagerness probably arises, on the part of Russia, from a cherished policy to extend the influence of the Greek Church ; for otherwise, in a political point of view, the possession of Judea must, from the rugged nature of the country and its almost impassable roads, be little worth.

On the 2nd of April, Mr. Brown, young Denny and myself, after an early breakfast, started for Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We were in all

a formidable party, for there is still, in going down to Jericho, some danger of "falling among thieves." We were accordingly accompanied by a Sheikh, or Head of a Jordan tribe, mounted on a superb Arab, and armed to the teeth. Our infantry consisted of two Arab boys, clad in coats of sheep-skin—their only uniform—and armed with muskets about seven feet long. Then there was our dragoman; also, a cook, with other servants, and thirteen or fourteen mules and horses. Our excursion would, in all probability, only extend to a three-days' journey; but we took with us tables, chairs, iron-bedsteads, and, in fact, every article which we could have occasion to use.

Woe to the traveller who essays to make this journey without the protection of the sheikh; when he gets to Jericho, some of the Arabs will make him repent of, and pay for, his temerity. The very day after we started, two Frenchmen, who were determined to resist the imposition, and were desirous to avoid the expense (about two dollars and a half each), were robbed of everything which they had with them. A few weeks previously, the Consul at Aleppo paid a visit to the land of Moab, on the other side of the Jordan; and, although he had a numerous escort with him, he was not only robbed of everything, but was

obliged to send to Beyrout for a large sum of money as a ransom.

The author of "Eöthen" describes his excursion to that region, but apparently his own hardihood, and the smallness of his retinue, proved his safety ; for the utter indifference, which he manifested, conjoined with these other causes, might induce the Arabs to consider him no great quarry.

On our way, we passed through Bethany, and visited the tomb of Lazarus ; and then entered on our journey in good earnest. The road soon becomes, as it has been described, dreary and toilsome, running among white desolate hills, and wild rugged valleys, without a tree or shrub, or green grass-tuft, to relieve the eye. It has been justly remarked, that it would be almost insupportable, were it not for the associations connected with it, and a certain sense of danger and adventure. We travelled on, however, under the dazzling and broiling sun, over rock and hill, while the glare of the white, stony sand, reflecting the sun's rays, rendered our progress very oppressive ; but, at length, after eight hours' riding, we found ourselves approaching Jericho.

From Jerusalem to the Valley of the Jordan, the country is "a vast howling wilderness ;" and the great plain of this renowned river is truly described,

as opening up *suddenly* before the eye of the traveller, with the green banks of the stream sunk down in a fissure in the middle of it, some thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. On entering the valley, the mountain of Quarantania (according to tradition, the scene of Christ's temptation) is pointed out to strangers; and, as it rises abruptly, white and bare, from the verdant plain, it certainly presents a striking and interesting appearance. From this point to Jericho, patches of green are to be seen every here and there; but the ground is covered with a coating of hard, dry sand.

On our way, we visited the celebrated "Fountain of Elisha," now sometimes called the "Spring of the Sultan." This is supposed to be the place mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable tale of the Crusaders "The Talisman," and called by him the "Diamond of the Desert," near which Soliman and Sir Kenneth reposed and refreshed themselves after their fierce encounter. I may be excused for quoting, on such an occasion, the beautiful passage immediately connected with a description of the well:—

"They had now arrived at the knot of palm-trees and the fountain, which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion. We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene, which perhaps elsewhere would have deserved little notice; but as the

single speck in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water,—these blessings, held cheap where they are common,—rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise. Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in and arched over the fountain to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth or choked by the fitting clouds of dust, with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. * * * Stealing from under the arch, *the waters* were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering the eye by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and doubtless found their way in safety to a more fertile country. Again, the scarce visible current which escaped from the basin, served to nourish the few trees, which surrounded the fountain; and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared, its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

* * * * *

“ Ere they remounted to resume their journey, the Christian Knight again moistened his lips, and dipt his hands in the living fountain, and said to his Pagan associate of the journey:—‘ I would I knew the name of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it in my grateful remembrance; for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst, than I have this day experienced.’—‘ It is called in the Arabic language (answered the Saracen) by a name which signifies the *Diamond of the Desert.*’ ”

Before proceeding to our tents, we visited the site of ancient Jericho; here, we saw nothing but the remains of a dry mud-wall and some low mounds of rubbish. Being now tired and hungry, we quickly made our way to modern Jericho, as it is called, being

all that remains of the Jericho of the New Testament, a wretched and miserable collection of tumble-down huts. At the time, several hundred Russian pilgrims, accompanied by a regiment of Turks, were encamped outside the village, having just returned from bathing in the Jordan.

Our dragoman had pitched our tents, and everything in due order; we found, also, a capital dinner ready for us, equal in every respect to such as we had at the hotel. After wandering for some time among the Russian caravan, we were serenaded by a dozen Arabs, who sang and danced with great monotony, not forgetting the usual solicitations for *bachsheesh*, which we gave; and, retiring to our tents, we were soon asleep on our camp-bedsteads; I am very sure of this, that I have seldom slept so soundly as I did, under the tent, in front of Jericho, after the wanderings of that day.

Next morning we were early up, and soon on our way to the Jordan. The bridle-road, which leads to the banks, is very good, *for these parts*; so that we were able to canter along at a fair rate, and reached, without delay, this celebrated stream so often mentioned in Holy Writ. Tradition assigns to the spot, at which we had arrived, the passage of the Israelites, as well as the baptism of our Saviour by John, his

forerunner. Here the Jordan is from sixty to eighty feet in breadth, very muddy, and runs as rapidly as a mill-sluiœ. We bathed in the stream, and did not omit to bring away some of the water.

The reader may probably expect some descriptive details of this celebrated valley and river, and it might be satisfactory to transcribe these from the best authorities; but such a task is hardly within the scope of the writer. It is sufficient to state, that the valley, in its full breadth, about ten miles, appears from our present position to be a long plain, inclosed on either side by bold and barren ridges, in the centre is the glen, through which the Jordan flows. This valley, once so noted for its fertility, for its palm-trees and balsams, has undergone a desolating change from long neglect and the fierce effects of a powerful sun on a locality so peculiarly situated, below the level of the sea. The Jordan itself flows through this glen at a depth of from fifty to eighty feet below the plain of the valley; and this glen varies from two hundred to six hundred yards in breadth, its sides being rugged and abrupt. The banks of the river are conspicuously marked with shrubs, willows and reeds. The stream gradually widens, as it approaches its entrance into the Dead Sea, where the width is about one hundred and eighty yards, but the depth only three feet; yet,

owing to the soft and slimy nature of the soil, there is no practicable ford.

Striking across the plain from the spot where we had reached the Jordan, we arrived, after an hour's canter, at the shores of the Dead Sea, and rode fully a mile along this dull and dreary lake. Its length is stated at forty miles, and its breadth varies from five to nine, its depth being, in some places, upwards of two hundred fathoms ! With Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Cities of the Plain, buried in its abyss—with its own muddy and slimy shores, surrounded by cliffs of naked rock, the Lake of Asphaltites reigns amidst a most desolate and melancholy scene. Its waters, though acrid and bitter beyond conception, are beautifully clear ; and, in this respect, very different from those of the Jordan : their specific gravity is so considerably greater than that of the ocean, that it is not possible for the human body to sink in them.

The surface of the Dead Sea, as I have already indicated, is upwards of 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean. Situated at such a depth, with cliffs of limestone rising immediately from its waters, on the south and west, and with the mountains of Moab on the opposite side, girding the scene as with a wall, this extraordinary monument of God's judgment against the Cities of the Plain, presents a most

solemn picture of solitary desolation. No living object is discernible around ;—no fishes float beneath, no birds fly over the surface of its waters. Yet the popular stories about the poisonous exhalations rising therefrom are of a mythic origin. The nature of the climate and the effect of the sun's rays, in so sunken a locality, cause an immense evaporation and an almost insufferable heat. The former effect will account for the disposal of the water that enters the lake, and the latter for the habitual absence of animal existence in its vicinity. We were, however, favored on this occasion with a refreshing wind ; and yet, from the shores of the Dead Sea to the Greek Convent of Mar Sába, whither we next proceeded, we had a very tiresome ride of four or five hours.

During the whole day, from the time we left Jericho till we reached Mar Sába, we did not meet a living creature, except one solitary camel without a rider. There were now, on our road to the convent, precipices so steep and chasms so vast, that it was at times frightful to contemplate their nature. I gave my horse the reins, and trusted entirely to his sure footing ; but right glad were we to find ourselves, at length, within the extensive walls of the Convent of Mar Sába, which has been justly regarded, in the wild grandeur of its situation, as one of the most remarkable monastic institutions in Palestine. The large

and irregular edifices of the convent cover an immense space of ground, and are inclosed in and protected by ranges of stone walls. There are rock terraces and patches of garden in every direction; chambers, natural and artificial caves, chapels, and other apartments, every here and there, upon ledges of rock and elsewhere, on this once most notable site of oriental anchorites and ascetics. The tomb of St. Sabas is shewn in a small chapel, as also the den, in which this chief of anchorites spent the greater part of his life; also several other cells consecrated by the odour of sanctity. The Reception Rooms are very good; and we passed the afternoon very comfortably in this secluded convent, so admirably situated for solitude and separation from the busy scenes of life. We were politely conducted to all the sites and objects worthy of inspection; and we certainly met with a most friendly reception.

After an early breakfast, on the following morning, with our hospitable entertainers, we started on our way towards Bethlehem. When we had continued our ride for an hour, we came upon some very large flocks of goats and sheep, which very naturally reminded us, on our approach to the birth-place of Jesus, of that simple and time-honoured hymn:—"While shepherds watched their flocks by night;" or, according to the more modern version:—

“ While humble shepherds watched their flocks
On *Bethlehem's* plains, by night,” &c.

On our way we had an excellent view of Jerusalem, which appeared in the distance as perched on a mountain. I remarked, that, in approaching the Holy City by the Jaffa Gate, one is apt to imagine, from the proximity of the Mount of Olives, that the city is on comparatively flat, level ground ; but at the distance at which we now viewed it, the interval of two hundred feet between the walls and Olivet was not perceptible, so that the words of the Psalmist were brought forcibly to the mind :—
“ As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.”—Psalm cxxv. 2.

We soon had Bethlehem in sight,—a beautiful village on the slope of a hill, surrounded by terraces and gardens,—and the immediate vicinity, which seemed to be, to all appearance, the most luxuriant part of Palestine that we had yet seen. The terraces appeared to be carefully cultivated and kept, and are abundantly adorned with olive-trees, fig-trees, and the vine. The great Convent, on the eastern side, from its vast extent and well-chosen site, has a very striking and commanding look. There are Latin, Greek and Armenian conventual communities in connection with the Church of the Nativity—a

large and imposing edifice. We were most punctiliously conducted by a Monk over every spot of interest, and our guide shewed us every place connected with the life of the Redeemer, which tradition has assigned to the birth-place of our Lord. There is no doubt that the most beautiful part of the building was erected by the Empress Helena, in the early part of the fourth century; and it is, therefore, of great antiquarian interest. The Monk conducted us down a winding staircase to the Grotto of the Nativity, descending (as it were) into a vault hewn in the rock. Here he pointed out the identical spot, where our Lord is said to have been born. It is indicated by a marble slab fixed in the pavement, with a silver star in the centre, round which are the words:—“*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*” For details concerning the adjoining chapels of St. Joseph and of the Holy Innocents, the “Milk Grotto,” and other particulars connected with this interesting locality, I must refer my readers to more lengthened compilations; while (according to my original purpose) I hasten to describe my journey, and shew my Canadian countrymen what may be achieved within a given time; and this, too, without hurrying heedlessly over the ground, or making more haste than good speed.

Returning by Rachel's tomb,—for it will be remembered that Jacob buried his beloved wife “in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem,”—we reached Jerusalem a little after noon. On our arrival, we were surprised to find the hotel quite full, although when we left it, there was merely our own party ; but mine host said he was always subject to such sudden changes.

CHAPTER IX.

MOUNT ZION—HEBRON—EASTER DAY IN JERUSALEM.
MOSQUES OF OMAR AND EL-AKSA.

ON returning to Jerusalem, our first visit was to Mount Zion, which lies outside the walls of the modern city. This celebrated hill, the largest of those, on which Jerusalem was built, varies in height above the adjoining valleys from 150 to 300 feet. The slopes, with their terraces, are covered with olive-trees. On the summit a level track extends from the tomb of David to the citadel; here a Mosque has long stood, covering the sepulchre of the ancient kings of Judah. Into this Mosque strangers, unless they are followers of Mahommed, are not permitted to enter; but leave is not withheld to their visiting the *Cœnaculum*—the *Upper Chamber*—where (according to tradition) our Lord instituted the Last Supper, and where the Apostles are said to have met after the Resurrection.

The privilege of passing *Good Friday*, in the Holy City, was a subject for grateful and solemn congratulation. To be, on such an anniversary, in the very city and near the very spot where the great atonement was offered, was an event calculated to make a deep and powerful impression on the mind ; and, I trust, that it was with subdued and suitable feelings we attended the Protestant Church in Jerusalem that forenoon.

In the afternoon, Dr. Coates of the East India Company's service, Mr. Clarke of the 95th regiment, Mr. Brown, two other gentlemen and myself, started on horseback to visit Hebron. Passing Rachel's tomb, already glanced at, we soon arrived at the Pools of Solomon. These are three immense reservoirs in excellent preservation, situated in a line the one below the other. They are described as having been partly cut in the rocky bottom of the valley, and are built of large hewn stones, certainly reminding the visitor of the works ascribed to the great monarch whose name they bear. The water is supplied from a subterranean fountain, and conducted by ingenious and elaborate means. A large *khan* stands near the Upper Pool ; it seemed quite deserted, although it was said to be occupied by the guardian of the waters. We could not, in common with many others, forbear from quoting, on such an occasion, the words of Solomon

himself, reflecting on the vanity of all human undertakings :—“ I made me great works ; I builded me houses ; I planted me vineyards : I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits : I made me *pools of water* to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.”—Ecclesiastes, ii. 4.

From the Pools to Hebron the roads were very bad ; and it was eight o'clock ere we reached this ancient city, the oldest, perhaps, in the world. It is mentioned in Scripture before Damascus ; although the latter, when first alluded to by name, is spoken of as a place well-known, and, apparently, of some note. In Hebron David established the seat of government after the death of Saul, and kept it there for seven years. But this celebrated site derives its greatest interest from the associations, which have descended from many hundreds of years before that period, in connection with the history of the Patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Here the great father of the faithful dwelt ; here, while his numerous herds and flocks fed on the fertile pastures around, he pitched his tent beneath the oak of Mamre, and entertained the heavenly messengers ; here Jehovah vouchsafed to talk, face to face, with his chosen servant, when He announced the fate of the doomed Cities of the Plain.

Our tents were pitched close to the town ; and early next morning, before breakfast, we visited the Cave of Machpelah, which, with the field, Abraham bought as a burial place. Over the sepulchres of the three great Patriarchs and their wives, Solomon built a massive structure of stone, 200 feet long by 150 in breadth. The stones are of great size, upwards of twenty feet long, bevelled and hewn smooth, exactly similar to those still visible in the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem. The structure has been converted into a mosque ; and, like that of Mecca, and *one* in Constantinople, it cannot be entered except by the faithful.

The oak, which rears its branches in the Plain of Mamre, is a fine, hale old tree, measuring about twenty five feet in girth. Many persons doubt, with plausible reasoning, that this could possibly be the oak under which Abraham received the angels ; yet, situated as it is, probably in the identical spot in the Plain of Mamre where the Patriarchs pitched their tents, it is surely very pardonable to indulge in the traditional belief. The celebrated tree in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, or rather its bark, brought from California, is reputed to be four thousand years' old ! "The existing oak-tree of Mamre" (says the author of the Handbook) "has no marks of such high antiquity, nor is there any early written testimony to give pro-

bability to the theory." "But" (he adds in another place) "though we have no ancient record of this venerable tree, we cannot but recognise it as a representative of the oaks of Mamre, under whose shade Abraham communed with his Creator, and received angels as guests. It is the last tree of that sacred forest; and as such, all honour to its noble stem and wide-spreading boughs!" Hebron possesses the highest site among the towns of Syria, being nearly 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

Dr. Coates and myself had intended visiting the farm at Urtas, to witness the luxuriance of the soil when properly cultivated. We were, however, unable to do so; but at the Greek Convent, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, we had an opportunity of seeing what industry and care could accomplish. With such proof of the fertility of the soil before his eyes, no person can reasonably doubt that, with due culture and perseverance, (and the *curse withdrawn*,) this land would still be "a land flowing with milk and honey." We returned to Jerusalem by Solomon's Pools and Bethlehem.

The next day was the festival of the Resurrection. We appreciated with sincere gratitude the opportunity, which we thus enjoyed, of celebrating Easter-day in the Holy City,—of attending church in the

earthly Zion, and there participating in the appointed commemoration of our great Redeemer's death. I hope it will not be for a moment supposed, from the expression of such feelings, that I consider there is any greater efficacy in the Holy Communion here than elsewhere ; for God is present everywhere. Still such scenes, and the associations connected with them, impart a feeling of peculiar interest : the place is holy ground, where the shoes must be taken from the feet, and the heart must bend in adoration and thankfulness to the God of mercy.

Prayers were read by Dr. Goold, an Archdeacon from Ireland—a most exemplary clergyman ; the Communion service was conducted by the Bishop, and an excellent sermon was preached by Dr. Crawford. Though the whole service lasted three hours and a half—from the necessity of administering the Sacrament in different tongues—we did not find it at all irksome. It was a pleasing and a most interesting sight to see the Communion administered in the Hebrew tongue to converted Jews, clothed in their rich eastern dresses ; and also, in their own vernacular language, to Arabs, clad in their simple and scanty covering. After the service, I accompanied Dr. Coates to Bethany ; and in returning, we seated ourselves on the Mount of Olives, where the doctor read, for our mutual edifi-

cation, several portions of the Bible, appropriate to the locality ; and, among others, that in which our Saviour denounced the infatuated city.

We then visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Of this edifice so many detailed accounts have been published, that I will adhere to my prescribed rule. The Holy Sepulchre itself is in the centre of the Rotunda : when we arrived at the entrance, we took off our shoes (according to custom) and entered the tomb. The apartment is very small ; and the crowds of people were so numerous and so eager to gain admittance, that it was impossible to indulge in any suitable train of meditation. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Murray held a service in the school-room, after the form of the Free Church ; there was a numerous congregation, and all present seemed much pleased and edified, especially with the able discourse delivered on the occasion, which was most appropriate to the day and place.

Until within a few years it was almost impossible to gain admittance into the far-famed Mosque of Omar, the most conspicuous object which now occupies the site of the Temple, the summit of Mount Moriah. Though, in 1856, it was understood that the sacred edifice would in future be open to the traveller on the payment of one pound sterling, yet

there is still considerable difficulty in the way ; and, indeed, even now, if a stranger is found in any of the avenues leading directly to the Mosque, he runs a risk of being insulted and very uncourteously treated. At the time of my sojourn in Jerusalem, the Pacha was represented as being very intolerant on this point and in other such matters ; and we were told that it was impossible to obtain leave of admission. Fortunately, however, for us, the Pacha required, at this time, some favor, from Mr. Finn, the Consul ; and this gentleman, in return, procured a *firman*, sanctioning the admission of seven or eight persons to the interior of the Mosque. The Consul was kind enough to include me in the privileged number ; and thus, on the following morning, I was admitted within the Temple grounds, in company with Sir George and Lady Ramsay, Mr. Murray, Mr. Brown, Dr. Coates, and two young Englishmen. We were met at the gate by the Sheikh ; and, on presenting our firman, with seven sovereigns, were allowed to pass the barrier.

The Mosque of Omar is certainly a splendid edifice, even more beautiful, in my opinion, than the Metropolitan Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The history of this famous site, and of the platform which it now occupies, is long and intricate. It would be far beyond the object of these pages to trace the

record through the nearly four thousand years which have passed since the father of the faithful erected an altar on the spot, on which to sacrifice his son Isaac, in obedience to Jehovah's command : here was the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite ; here stood the Temple of Solomon, with the Holy of Holies ; and here taught a greater than Solomon, as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

This renowned locality, as our neighbours might justly term it, is now called *Haram*, or *Haram-esh-sharif*—"The Noble Sanctuary;" it is equal in extent to about one-fifth of the whole city, and certainly the finest part of it. The platform is evidently, in a great measure, artificial, and much more spacious than was the site of the Temple. In the centre rises the great mosque with its magnificent dome. The interior is certainly very beautiful ; the splendid tiles and coloured glass, and the great gilt dome itself, dazzle and delight the visitor. Within is the summit of the natural rock, occupying the greater part of the space beneath the dome, and venerated by all as a most sacred spot. It is exposed to view, and has an awning over it. The following graphic description of the Mosque is extracted from the Hand-book of Syria and Palestine :—

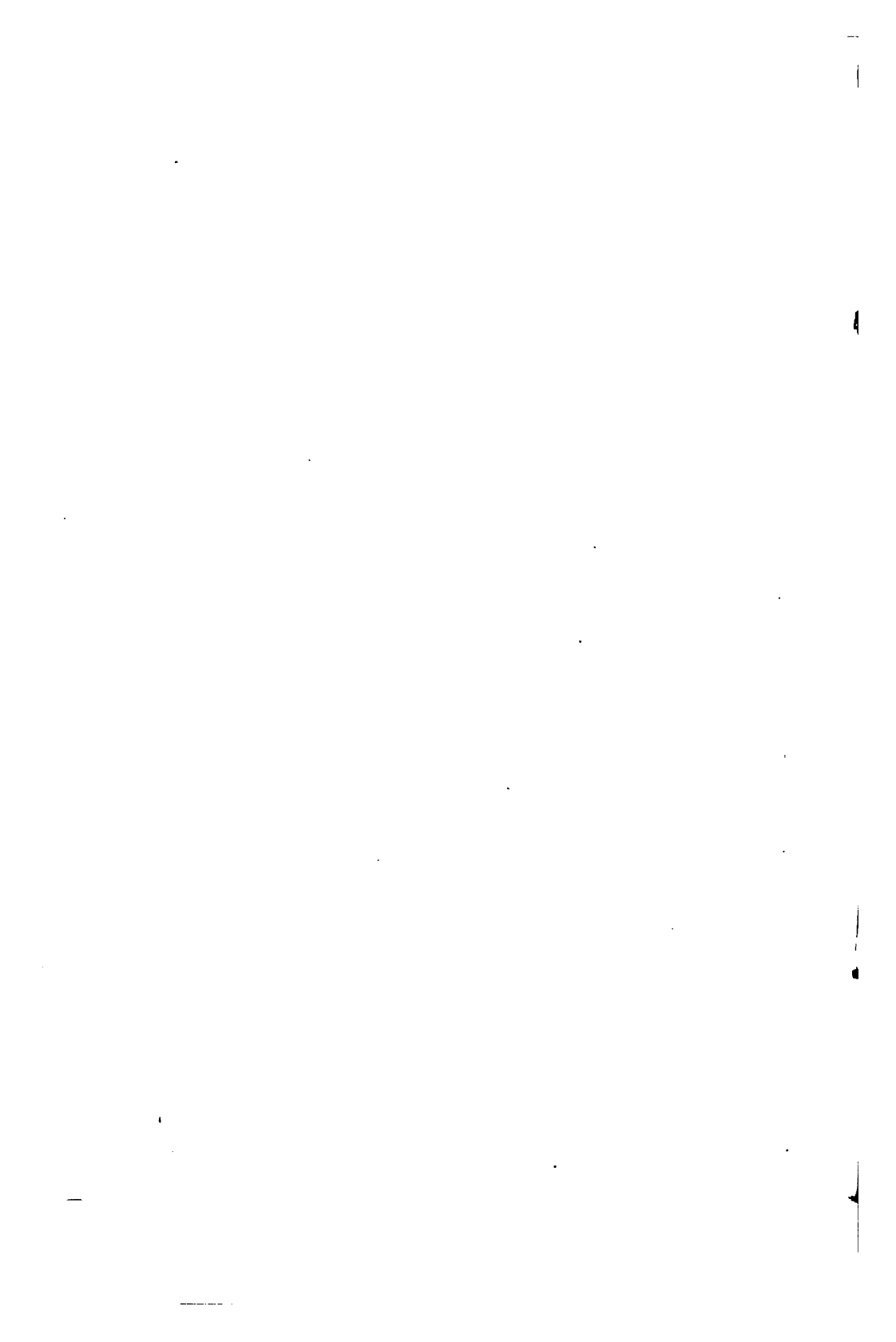
"It is the *Kubbet-es-sukhrah*, or the *Dome of the Rock*,—for such is the name of the central mosk, and its spacious area, which

give such an exquisite charm to every view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives; and perhaps there is not one point, where we see it to such advantage, as that where the road from Bethany just tops the southern shoulder of the hill.....This was the view which burst on the Saviour's gaze, on the day of his triumphant entry.....The *Dome of the Rock* is by far the most beautiful, and, on account of its site, the most interesting building in the Holy City. Crowning the very summit of Moriah, its graceful proportions and noble dome strike the eye from afar; but when from the brow of Olivet we look down on its cloistered courts, carpeted with verdure, dotted with arches and colonnades, and miniature cupolas, and tall cypresses, the building itself rising proudly over all, glittering in the sun-light and reflecting every colour of the rainbow,—we feel we are indeed in that glorious East, which fancy pictured, when we used to revel in the *Arabian Nights*."

We then proceeded to visit the Mosque El-Aksa, which is also a handsome building, having been originally erected by Justinian as a church, in honor of the Virgin Mary. When the great Caliph, Omar, took Jerusalem, having been informed, in reply to his inquiries, that this edifice was on the site of the Temple, he prayed in it; and since his time it has been regarded, by the Moslems, with great veneration, and the spot where Omar prayed is still devoutly shewn. We paid a visit to the very remarkable and extensive vaults, on which the area of the Temple stands. These are formed by large piers and pillars, spanned by arches; and they appear to be in as perfect a state as when the Temple was reconstructed by Herod. They are generally regarded as antecedent

to that monarch's age, though they may have been repaired, and some of them possibly built, by him.

As my sojourn in the Holy City now draws to a close, I may with propriety take the opportunity of recommending, which I do in very strong terms, the two engravings of "Jerusalem in her Grandeur and in her Fall," executed by Selous, and published by Beeforth, Scarborough, England. I do not think that I ever saw a more truthful delineation of any place than that of Modern Jerusalem, as she now is. To depict what the City was in her grandeur must depend in some measure on the imagination of the artist; but Mr. Selous has paid due attention to the authority of Scripture, as well as of Josephus and other ancient authors. This tribute I consider justly due to Mr. Selous, who is a perfect stranger to me, as is also the publisher. The original drawings, from which the engravings are copied, are entitled "Selous' Two Grand Pictures of Jerusalem,—(1) In her Grandeur, A. D. 33, with Christ's Triumphant Entry into the Holy City; (2) In her Fall, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives."



CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM.—JAFFA—BEYROUT—
TRIPOLI—ALEXANDRETTE.

ON my last evening in Jerusalem, I enjoyed a pleasant party at Mrs. Finn's, to whose kindness, as well as to that of her husband, the Consul, I felt much indebted; they certainly did all that lay in their power to make the fortnight, which I spent in the City of David and its vicinity, pass in a useful and an agreeable manner.

Although, in former years, I was a tolerable horseman, I had not latterly enjoyed much practice; and when I was at Gibraltar, I declined a ride to the Cork-wood—a distance of some fifteen miles either way. But after I had been ten days on an Arab, I could manage long distances; so that, by the time I got to Constantinople, I accomplished, in company with Mr. Hill, thirty miles between luncheon and dinner. These remarks are intended as a prelude

to the announcement of my determination to proceed to Jaffa on horseback, so as to get over the ground in *one* day, instead of *two*, the time generally taken. I left Jerusalem at 9 o'clock A. M., accompanied by a young lad with my carpet-bag on a mule. I moved along briskly, and cantering in places, where formerly on going up we could scarcely walk without fear, I reached Jaffa by 6 o'clock. When I was about half way on my trip, and had left my muleteer far behind, I met two horsemen. On descrying me, they set their horses at full gallop, and, with their lances *in rest*, approached very rapidly. I had no arms about me ; but quietly waited their arrival, smoking a cigar, and holding an umbrella over my head for protection from the intense heat of the sun. When they came up, one went on my right, and the other on my left ; they grinned and laughed, and were evidently surprised that they had not frightened the Englishman. About an hour afterwards an Arab issued from the side of the hill ; and whether I galloped or walked my horse, he kept up with me for an hour. Upon the whole, therefore, I was not sorry, on arriving at the foot of the hill-country, to find myself at a *khan*, where coffee was provided. I happened to have about me some thirty pounds, during my long ride ; and I am thus induced to confess that I had run considerable risk, perhaps foolishly, and certainly

unnecessarily, in undertaking to ride such a long distance alone.* The boy with my baggage was, at least, an hour behind me.

I was seated, next morning, at breakfast in a very tolerable hotel, kept in Jaffa by a Maltese, when I was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, calling me aloud by name, in these terms :—" Well, the next time we meet will be, I suppose, at Madagascar or the Sandwich Islands !" Now, it had so happened, that the gentleman who addressed this remark to me (Lord Mark Kerr), when he was on Lord Elgin's staff in Canada, had met me in several of the most out-of-the-way places in almost every part of the Province, and subsequently in England also ; so that at our last rencontre, five or six years ago, he had rather strikingly exclaimed :—" Well, I suppose our next place of meeting will be Jerusalem !"

From Jaffa we sailed in a French steamer, the "Mersey," in which we formed a small party of four, including Mr. Hill of Cardiff, Mr. Peyton, formerly of the Dragoon Guards, Mr. Alexander of Bristol, and myself. The steamer, sailing along the Syrian coast and pausing at some of the principal stations or

* A young gentleman from Quebec, now in Palestine, had lately a very narrow escape from robbers, from having lagged behind his party.

sites, was to convey us at length as far as Smyrna. We were thus to be some fifteen or sixteen days together, and we certainly had no reason to regret that our number was so small; for, with our state-rooms, large saloon, and agreeable fellowship, we enjoyed all the advantages which a yacht could afford, without any of the annoyances attendant on a larger or more crowded vessel. It produced no ordinary sensation in the mind, thus to pass along, on board of a modern steamer, such renowned sites as those of Carmel, Akka, Tyre and Sidon; but steadily the vessel proceeded on her course, and we arrived on the following morning in the Bay of Beyrout. This sea-port of Syria—the Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, originally founded by the Phœnicians—appears to great advantage as viewed from the sea. It was indeed refreshing to us, after having been accustomed to the sterile and desolate appearance of southern Palestine, to look upon the town and vicinity full of gardens and orchards, miles of land covered with the mulberry and other fruit-trees, and the Lebanon towering over all.

It had been to me a matter of deep regret, that I was unable to take the usual route from Jerusalem to Damascus and Palmyra by land; whereby I should have had the opportunity of visiting Mount Tabor, the Lake of Genesareth, Nazareth (so often men-

tioned in the New Testament, but never in the Old), the sites of the towns and villages on the lake so intimately connected with Christ's ministry; Mount Hermon, the highest mountain in Syria except the loftiest peaks of Lebanon, and numerous other scenes replete with interest and with sacred and historical associations. Yet, in one sense, I had just reason also to refrain from expressions of regret or complaint; for several gentlemen, who left Jerusalem about the same time with myself, on the more interesting route, narrowly escaped serious danger, and were, with difficulty, hurried away from Damascus, on the breaking out of the troubles, which immediately followed our visit to Syria.

At Beyrout we remained three days; and, although we did not proceed so far as the renowned Cedars of Lebanon, yet we ascended the mountain ranges some ten miles ("tell it not in Gath") in a modern omnibus! The French, who are, beyond doubt, gradually acquiring a sure footing in Upper Syria, where lies (according to many) the true route through the desert to Bagdad and India, have obtained a concession for the construction of a highway from Beyrout to Damascus. They already engross the greater proportion of the trade in this quarter, and are becoming,

from day to day, more intimately connected with the country; indeed they seem fairly settled in it, and are not likely to relinquish the hold which they have acquired in so important a locality.

If, in ascending the Lebanon and looking upwards, the traveller finds the prospect bleak and dreary; it is very different, when he has attained a certain height and looks downwards. The whole slope is very beautiful, covered with terraces overspread with the vine, and with orchards of fig-trees and apricots; with fine walnut-trees interspersed here and there. "Villages" (as the Manual expresses it) "are seen on every side, clinging to cliffs and nestling in wooded dells; while convents, like feudal castles of bygone days, crown the peak."

Although we did not reach the Cedars, the reader may expect, and might be disappointed in not finding, some account of these time-honoured trees, or their representatives at the present day. It is strange that the accounts of travellers and professed eye-witnesses differ very considerably in description and impression. We cannot, however, do better than transcribe what the accurate author of Murray's Handbook has written on the subject:—

"At the head of Wady Kadisha there is a vast recess in the central ridge of Lebanon, some eight miles in diameter. Above it

rise the loftiest summits in Syria, streaked with perpetual snow. The summits are white and rounded, and the sides descend in naked uniform slopes, in the form of a semicircle. In the very centre of this recess, on a little irregular knoll, stands the clump of cedars. They are all alone. There is not another tree in sight. There is scarcely a bush or patch of verdure on the surrounding acclivities. When we see them from a distance, we feel bitter disappointment, for they look like a speck on the vast mountain; but, on entering the grove, all feelings of disappointment vanish. Then the beautiful fan-like branches and graceful pyramidal forms of the younger trees; the huge trunks of the patriarchs and their great gnarled branches extending far on each side, and interlacing with their brethren; and the sombre shade they make in a blaze of light,—all tend to excite feelings of highest admiration. And when we think of their high antiquity, their ancient glory, the purposes to which they were applied, we can comprehend the wondrous attraction, that has for centuries drawn numbers of pilgrims from the ends of the earth to this lonely spot.—The whole grove is scarcely now half a mile in circumference, and may contain about 400 trees of all sizes,—the young ones mostly on the outskirts, and the oldest in the centre. Only a few, perhaps a dozen, very ancient trees remain. There are, however, 30 or 40 others of very respectable dimensions; some of them three, four and five feet in diameter. One or two of the oldest are upwards of forty feet in girth; but the trunks are short and irregular. They are much broken and disfigured; partly by the snows of winter, but chiefly by the vandalism of visitors.”

Among the many beautiful and interesting rides in the vicinity of Beyrout, we chose, on the following day, the ride to the *Nahr-el-Kelb*, or “Dog-River.” We rode along the beach, mostly at a gallop, though the sand was soft,—a circumstance which made it rather fatiguing for the horses. In about an hour and a half, we reached the pretty sparkling river;

which takes its name from the supposed likeness of a large rock near it to a wolf or a dog ;—its more ancient name was *Lycos* (wolf) ; but respecting the origin of the denomination some doubt exists, and there are several traditions.

As the banks of the river are approached, their height and precipitous nature become apparent and are very striking ; but the curiosities of art and antiquity here vie with those of nature. On the smooth faces of the rock, by the side of the ancient road, several sculptured tablets are to be seen, with Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions,—some of them as plain as on the day when they were first chiselled. These are satisfactory proofs, that the highway through Syria, in this direction, must have run along the tract of this ancient road from the remotest ages, affording access to the Assyrian and Egyptian forces, and, in later times, to the Roman legions.

When in this part of the country, we witnessed nothing indicative of the fierce and cruel conduct ascribed to the Druses against the Maronites. Although we may not consider the former so much to blame as the latter, it would still prove a great fact and an important object, if the Turkish power, in these parts, should find itself sufficiently strong to

restore order and maintain peace among the different classes.

The French have for years been extending their commercial relations with this, the finest part of the East. Their excellent line of steamers, known as the *Messagerie Imperiale*, or Postal Line, largely subsidized by government, has given them an immense advantage over the British in this quarter. The trade of Damascus and the interior is almost exclusively in their hands; and when the macadamized road, which a French company have obtained leave to construct between Beyrout and Damascus, is completed, this trade, as well as the influence of their fellow-countrymen, will be greatly increased in these regions. The same quantity of goods may then be transported, with ease, in a few hours, over a distance, which would now take loaded camels some two or three days to accomplish. The gradients of this road are formidable, as may be readily supposed, when the heights of Lebanon are taken into consideration. But, although several travellers have ventured to cast ridicule on the attempts of the French company, I must acknowledge that I have seldom travelled on a better road, though it is decidedly rather too narrow. The present troubles, I should think, will tend to encourage the projectors; for I feel convinced that they are assisted by government. And should the

road once be completed to Damascus, there is little doubt that it will be carried farther than John Bull would even now care to dream about. There is no substantial reason to question that the French occupation of Northern Palestine will be as lengthened as their occupation of Rome has been ; and it will be recollected that this, at the time (1849), was averred to be but temporary.

The population of Beyrout is calculated to amount to 50,000 ; and the town is certainly the only one in the East, where I observed marks of improvement in the shape of new buildings. In parts the streets are wide ; there is also a large square, and altogether there are undoubted signs of vitality and progress. There is a very good hotel in the town, called the "Hotel de Bellevue," situated close upon the sea, very convenient for access to all places of business ; nor must it be forgotten, that Beyrout is the principal place in this part of the world for the transaction of pecuniary matters, the negotiation of bills, and similar affairs.

As we remained three days at Beyrout, I regretted very much that we had not gone as far as the cedars of Lebanon, which, from our protracted stay, we might have easily done. On the fourth day we resumed our voyage, and steamed towards Tripoli, where we

safely arrived and remained one day. We went ashore and walked to the town, which is certainly beautiful, as is the whole scenery around. The soil is rich and fertile, and the ground well watered,—a stream, in fact, flowing through the town. There are gardens on either side of a large, wide grass-road, and orchards full of orange, lemon, apricot and apple trees. We went into the gardens, and for a penny four of us had as many oranges as we chose to pluck. The houses are built of stone, and have a substantial appearance. The population is said to amount to 13,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-fourth belong to the Greek Church, and the rest are Moslems.

As we always steamed by night, every morning found us in some new place, or in view of some fresh and interesting scene. On the day after we left Tripoli, we were opposite to Latakia; but, unfortunately, it was blowing a gale, and we could not land. From the deck of the steamer, this place was seen to great advantage. It presents a very beautiful appearance in the midst of a now desolate coast, surrounded with groves of mulberry and orange trees, and having part of the Kamaranian chain of mountains in the back-ground. Although a very moderate smoker, I wished I could have disembarked, that I might have been able to tell my friends in Canada,

that I landed at the town which gives name to the tobacco so highly prized in the East, and had brought to them some genuine specimens, purchased on the spot.

Having been unable to land and make personal observations, I will add a few particulars, gleaned from other sources, concerning this still lively and interesting town, though a mere shadow of what it was in former times. It is situated on a rocky promontory of considerable elevation, projecting about two miles into the sea; and it presents a marked contrast to the desolation which reigns on other parts of the coast. Its harbour is a deep cove, encircled by high banks of rock, but the entrance is so narrow as to render it destructively dangerous in rough weather. The exports of the place consist chiefly of tobacco, silk, cotton, oil, with a few other articles,—all of which might be increased a hundred-fold, if the government could or would afford security for life and property. There is scarcely an acre of the plain between Tripoli and Latakia, that might not be made to produce abundant crops of cotton (a subject now engrossing so much attention in England); and the mountain sides adjoining are admirably adapted to the growth of the mulberry and vine. “Why (asks the traveller, with good reason,) do British merchants shut their eyes to the resources of Syria?”

On the day after passing Latakia, we arrived at Alexandrette or Iskanderoon, which now gives name to the adjoining gulf, and is accounted the sea-port of Aleppo, though that city lies at a distance from it of at least seventy miles inland. The village is one of the most abject and wretched that I have ever seen ; and its site is low, marshy and unwholesome. The locality, however, is famous in history ; and it was by this way that Alexander the Great entered Syria, after he had defeated Darius at Issus. Hence the sea-port obtained from the Macedonian hero a name, which it has ever since retained with some slight variation.

Antioch is about a day's journey inland ; but we were unable to visit the renowned capital of the Græco-Syrian kings, where the disciples of Christ were first called Christians : the population does not now exceed six thousand ! It was a subject of still deeper regret, that we could not visit Tarsus, the birth-place of the great Apostle of the Gentiles ; but though there is a direct route from Iskanderoon to that city, the distance is much greater, and the time requisite for such a trip put any design of the kind, on this occasion, altogether out of the question.

Leaving Iskanderoon and the Syrian seaboard, we proceeded along the coasts of Asia Minor, and enjoyed

greatly the magnificent and bold scenery here presented to the voyager, with the great range of Taurus and the Cilician mountains in the distance. But we now hurried rapidly onwards ; and, passing close to Cyprus and Rhodes, and numerous places of ancient and modern note, we reached Smyrna on the twelfth day from leaving Jaffa, all detentions included.

Our party on board the steamer, as I have already remarked, was small ; and, having been so many days together, we had become good and familiar friends. We were most comfortably lodged, each having a cabin to himself ; and a most excellent table was kept throughout the whole time. Indeed our own Canadian line, as well as that of Cunard's, would not do amiss to send a deputation of their stewards, and, perhaps, cooks also, to see how nicely things are managed during a trip along the shores of the Levant. I will not venture to give a complete *carte à diner*, but simply mention one incident, which occurred off Beyrout, and which may serve to shew the excellence of the cookery. Observing on that day, at dinner, a very savoury and delicate looking side-dish handed round, I partook of it, and found it so delicious, that I asked the Captain what it was, intending, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more. The answer, however, sufficed, and made my friend opposite drop his knife and fork :—“ *Des escargots*,

Monsieur;” and marking the effect produced by his words, our gallant Captain exclaimed, rather indignantly :—“ Now, see the force of prejudice ! Do you not eat, with relish, oysters, periwinkles, and other shell-fish of the ocean ?—and why object to *snails* ! ”



CHAPTER XI.

SMYRNA—CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Bay of Smyrna is one of the finest in the world; this advantageous circumstance, together with the excellent situation of the place, must be regarded as the principal cause of its still continuing a flourishing commercial city, while ruin has overtaken so many renowned cities in Asia Minor. It is, indeed, accounted, both as to population and wealth, one of the very first marts in the Turkish empire, and one of the largest and richest cities in the Levant. The population has been reckoned as high as 150,000; and of these not more than a third are Moslem, so that it is still essentially a Greek city. There is said to be resident at this port a consul from every nation in Europe; and it is certainly the rendezvous of merchants from most parts of the world and a great *entrepôt* of merchandise.

The modern city does not occupy the same site as the ancient,—the latter having been seated on the hills to the south of the former ;—the earthquakes, which more than once almost totally destroyed the city, and the greater convenience to commerce caused its removal to the lower declivities of the mountain. From the bay and many points of view on land, the appearance of the place is very beautiful; the streets being built on a gradually rising slope. There are gardens and orchards in every section of the city, and this gives an air of life and beauty to the scene. On landing, however, and entering the place, we soon have the illusion dispelled; and here, as in other parts of the East, the traveller finds himself threading his way through narrow, dirty lanes. Yet the houses are said to be better built, and the streets more open, than in other towns in this quarter of the world, once so famed for architectural excellence. “The prosperity of Smyrna” (writes a traveller of no mean authority) “is now rather on the increase than the decline; and the houses of painted wood, which were most unworthy of its ancient fame and present importance, are rapidly giving way to palaces of stone; and probably, ere many years have passed, the modern town may not unworthily represent the ancient city.” I cannot say that we could heartily adopt these bright anticipations, nor realize the

views of the writer. We had, in fact, intended to remain a few days in Smyrna, to examine the city and vicinity in a more conciliatory mood; but we found the hotel so very indifferent, that we endeavoured to make our rounds, and to see as much as we well could, in the course of the day. We did not fail to pay a visit to the Bridge of Caravans, near which, tradition says, the great poet Homer was born some thousands of years ago. We also made a point of visiting the principal Greek Church, from the top of which we had a very pleasing view of the city and vicinity.

In the evening, according to our altered intentions, we embarked on board an Austrian steamer, which literally swarmed with passengers. We were soon sensible of the sad change which we had made from the quiet and comfort of the *Mersey* to the confusion and discomfort of an overcrowded Austrian steamer. The Austrian, Russian and Greek boats are very much inferior to the French. On board, however, we had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Mr. Fry, an English barrister settled in Constantinople. The powers of this gentleman's memory are so great, that, among other astonishing feats, he can repeat the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and several plays!—which wonderful faculty he exhibited for our amusement, and thus beguiled the time.

On leaving Smyrna, we steamed uninterruptedly through waters and along shores renowned in the classical literature of Greece, in the pages of her greatest poets and historians. We entered the Dardanelles, and the steamer threaded her way through the celebrated Hellespont, which separates, by its comparatively narrow channel, the vast continent of Asia from Europe. At length the steamer reached Gallipoli, a sea-port of considerable importance in these parts, situated on the European side of the strait, to which it has imparted its name. The town is built on a peninsula, which forms two harbours, wherein the Turkish fleets are often to be seen ; and it stands at the broad entrance of the strait from the sea of Marmora, the *Propontis* of the ancients, over the waters of which the tourist obtains his first but distant glance of Constantinople.

Having passed Gallipoli and continued our route through the strait into and across the sea of Marmora, we were, at an early hour next morning, rounding the Seraglio Point, and gliding into the Golden Horn, where the magnificent harbour of Constantinople lay revealed to the astonished gaze of the approaching strangers. It was thus that suddenly the glorious scene burst upon our view, and the Queen City of the East shone before us apparently in all her ancient splendour. Brilliant edifices, elegant minarets

and imposing cupolas, were in themselves a sight strikingly singular, and amply sufficient to excite admiration and to draw forth exclamations of surprise and delight. They presented, on this occasion, an unusually gay and animated picture, for it was the grand festival of Bairam ; and if we had arrived an hour sooner, we might have seen the Sultan going in state to the mosque of Saint Sophia.

But before landing, as our highly excited expectations may probably meet on shore with disappointment, let us take a view of the scene around us, for (as it has been frequently acknowledged) it is one of the most extraordinary with which the tourist will meet in the eastern hemisphere. The bay of the Golden Horn is an amphitheatre encircled by hills, covered with palaces, minarets and splendid buildings, intermingled on the heights with cypress groves, and towards the shore with the masts and sails of innumerable vessels of all descriptions. A clear blue sky, equally blue water, and a brilliant sun, produce on such combinations a magnificent effect.

On landing, we proceeded to Misseri's Hotel,—an excellent house, which, indeed, I should have little hesitation in pronouncing the best of the kind to be found by travellers in the east. After a hearty breakfast, we walked to the Bridge of Boats ; de-

scending the dirty unpaved street, which leads down from Pera to Galata, we crossed, from the latter suburb—the water-side residence of merchants of all origins—over the Golden Horn, to Stamboul or Constantinople. The view from the Bridge of Boats is very grand, and the scene on the bridge itself is very striking. As Bradshaw remarks, the extraordinary oriental crowds, passing over and jumbled together, present a wondrous scene, as bewildering as it is novel and attractive. The vision of Mirza, so beautifully narrated in the *Spectator*, will occur to the mind of the traveller, as he gazes on the motley and sublime picture before his eyes.

In the afternoon we rode out on horseback to the “Sweet Waters” of Europe ; and, between luncheon and dinner, we got over from twenty-five to thirty miles, going round the walls of the city at a rate which our dragoman did not much admire.

In our visit to the Seraglio, we were joined by a large number of persons, many of them from the States, in company with whom we went through the apartments, which are usually shewn to strangers. The Seraglio or Imperial Palace is enclosed within lofty walls, and the whole space is covered with gardens, groves, mosques, and suites of apartments. Here are now to be found the various departments

of the principal ministers of state, such as the Grand Vizier's Divan, the Mint, the Audience Chamber, in which foreign ambassadors are received by the Sultan, &c. The Seraglio is said to occupy the site of ancient Byzantium, and is about three miles in circuit. The furniture of the place, as others have remarked, consists chiefly of sofas placed round the room, carpets and mirrors,—the hangings being of silk and cloth of gold with jewelled fringes, and the walls being variously veneered.

We then proceeded to take a careful survey of the magnificent temple of St. Sophia,—originally a Christian Church, but now, and for many long years, a Turkish Mosque. It is situated near the principal gate of the Seraglio, and is generally said to have been originally founded by Constantine himself, but was actually built in the sixth century. The marble pillars, used in its construction, were brought from various renowned edifices : some from the temples of the sun at Baalbec and Rome, six of jasper, which once supported the roof of the renowned temple of Diana at Ephesus, and others of porphyry from Alexandria. The interior is certainly very imposing ; but, as I have elsewhere hinted, I think the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, is, on the whole, superior. The description of the interior of this celebrated

edifice, as it now exists, is so graphically given in Bradshaw's Guide, that I feel tempted to copy it, not merely for the benefit of my readers who may not possess that work, but because it affords a most comprehensive and appropriate glance at a most interesting oriental scene :—"The visitor should ascend the stairs and go up to the gallery, whence the view is exceedingly fine. The immense size of the building, the stupendous concave of the dome, the magnificence of the columns and varieties of marbles, the singular manner in which the building is illuminated with globes of crystal and lamps of coloured glass, and ornamented with ostrich eggs, &c., produce a most striking effect. On looking down and observing the number of believers at prayers, kneeling in rows across the body of the mosque, with their faces turned towards Mecca,—constantly bending up and down, touching the ground with their foreheads and springing up again on their heels, the spectator must feel interested in the scene before him, though the impression on his gravity may not be consistent with the sacredness of the place, however grave the effect produced on the Musselman."

The Mosques are so numerous, that the tourist must rest satisfied with a visit to two or three of the principal ones, and some of these are edifices of striking grandeur. After viewing St. Sophia,

we went to that of Aehmet, which was built as a mosque originally, and not converted, as St. Sophia, from the cross to the crescent. No expense was spared in its construction ; and it is considered, by many persons, as the finest building ever erected by the Turks. I might be expected to allude to several more of these edifices ; but it should not be forgotten, that I am only writing a brief journal, founded almost entirely on personal observation.

We rode through the old town of Stamboul, with its narrow and dirty streets, towards the Castle of the Seven Towers, as well as to the " Castles of Ancient Days." It has been most justly remarked, that the interior of the city is greatly at variance with the noble appearance which it externally presents, even at a short distance. It consists of a certain number of dark and filthy streets, closely crowded together, and choked up with dust and mud. The Castle of the Seven Towers is a state prison, standing near the Sea of Marmora, at the west point of the city from the Seraglio. We ascended to the top of the building and enjoyed the prospect.

The Bazaars of Constantinople, where all the business of the city is transacted, have long been famous for the great variety and beauty of the wares presented for sale, the silks being especially notable.

The Bazaars themselves resemble a row of booths in a fair, or have the appearance of a street of shops, allotted out to particular trades, merchandize, and dealers of different nations. They have been described as lofty cloisters or corridors, built of stone, and lighted by domes ; they are thus admirably adapted for the climate, and afford a not unpleasant retreat in summer. The crowd is of a very motley description, but peculiarly oriental in character ; the variety of dress and of the different modes of covering the head produces a most striking and picturesque effect. We purchased a few pairs of slippers, fans, &c., &c., and some veritable otto of roses ; but we had arranged our plans for an excursion through the Bosphorus, and, in consequence, were unable to remain as long at the Bazaars as some of our party wished.

Though it rained in torrents, we embarked on board a steamer from the Bridge of Boats, bound for Buyukdere, situated on the European side near the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Black Sea. The steamer was densely crowded with passengers. I have seen the penny-boats, which ply between Hungerford Market and London Bridge, tolerably well filled ; but never have I seen them so crowded as those on the Bosphorus. Neither Mr. Hill nor myself could succeed in getting a seat,—indeed, we could

scarcely find standing room. Though the rain continued to pour down, and prevented our being on deck, yet we did not fail to be much impressed, from a peep now and then from the cabin windows, with the extreme beauty of the scenery on both sides of the Bosphorus.

We reached Buyukdere about 8 o'clock, and took up our quarters at a capital hotel, kept by an Italian. A son of the Greek admiral, who distinguished himself in the war of independence, introduced himself, and having been in the British navy, he behaved to us with great politeness and attention, and acted in a most civil and serviceable manner. Next morning the sun shone brightly, and we obtained our "glimpse of the Black Sea," under favorable circumstances; and from the summit of a hill, behind this village, a more extensive view was obtained of the celebrated Euxine.

In returning to Constantinople, we had a better opportunity of admiring the beauty of the scenery, which adorns both sides of the straits. From the Black Sea to the City there extends one continued panorama of the most beautiful views that can well be imagined. Shrubs and trees, flowering and fruit-bearing, terraces and gay gardens rising one above another with outlines of the hills for a background,

present a constant variety of beauty and grandeur. Villas, palaces, kiosks, and other mansions, rise on both sides, imparting animation to the scene ; indeed these edifices so closely succeed one another, that they present an appearance, along the shores, of one large continued street some fifteen miles in length, of which the stream is the central roadway. Here and there the houses become sufficiently numerous to form, as at Buyukdere, large villages, containing shops, cafés and hotels.

The *caiques* at Constantinople serve the purpose of cabs or hackney-coaches elsewhere ; they are rowed by a couple of stout Turks, who do their work well. This mode of making a trip being not only pleasant, but one of the peculiarities of the place, we engaged a *caique* to take us across to Scutari, a distance of a mile and a half. Our principal object, in visiting this oriental suburb of the Queen of the East, was to view the burial-ground, where rest the bodies of so many of our gallant countrymen, who fell in the Crimean war, or perished victims to the climate. I must acknowledge, that the monument here erected, by the nation, to the memory of the brave men whose lives were sacrificed in defence of their country's honour, during the late contest with Russia, did not appear to me altogether worthy of the cause,—in point

of taste being rather clumsy and inelegant. At all events a feeling of sorrow pervaded my mind, as I gazed upon these records of departed valour.

The Bosphorus varies in width from one to three miles. As the weather was fine, the trip on the water was very pleasant, and nothing could exceed the gorgeous splendour, with which the Golden Horn appeared to gleam, as we approached the city, on our return from the Asiatic shore. Scutari, seen from the water, presents itself like an amphitheatre, being situated on sloping ground; and it affords a very picturesque view, from the admixture of trees, mosques, minarets and houses. It is an emporium of note, and the rendezvous of the Asiatic caravans. It has been long noted for its extensive burying-grounds, wooded with cypresses overshadowing innumerable tombs. The Turks of Constantinople prefer being interred on the Asiatic side; for they regard Asia as a land belonging to the true believers,—while they look upon the European side of the Strait as the country of the infidel, and destined again to fall into their hands; indeed, this impression grows stronger every year.

The extent of the cemeteries round about Constantinople, as in the neighbourhood of Eastern cities generally, is very considerable; they spread over

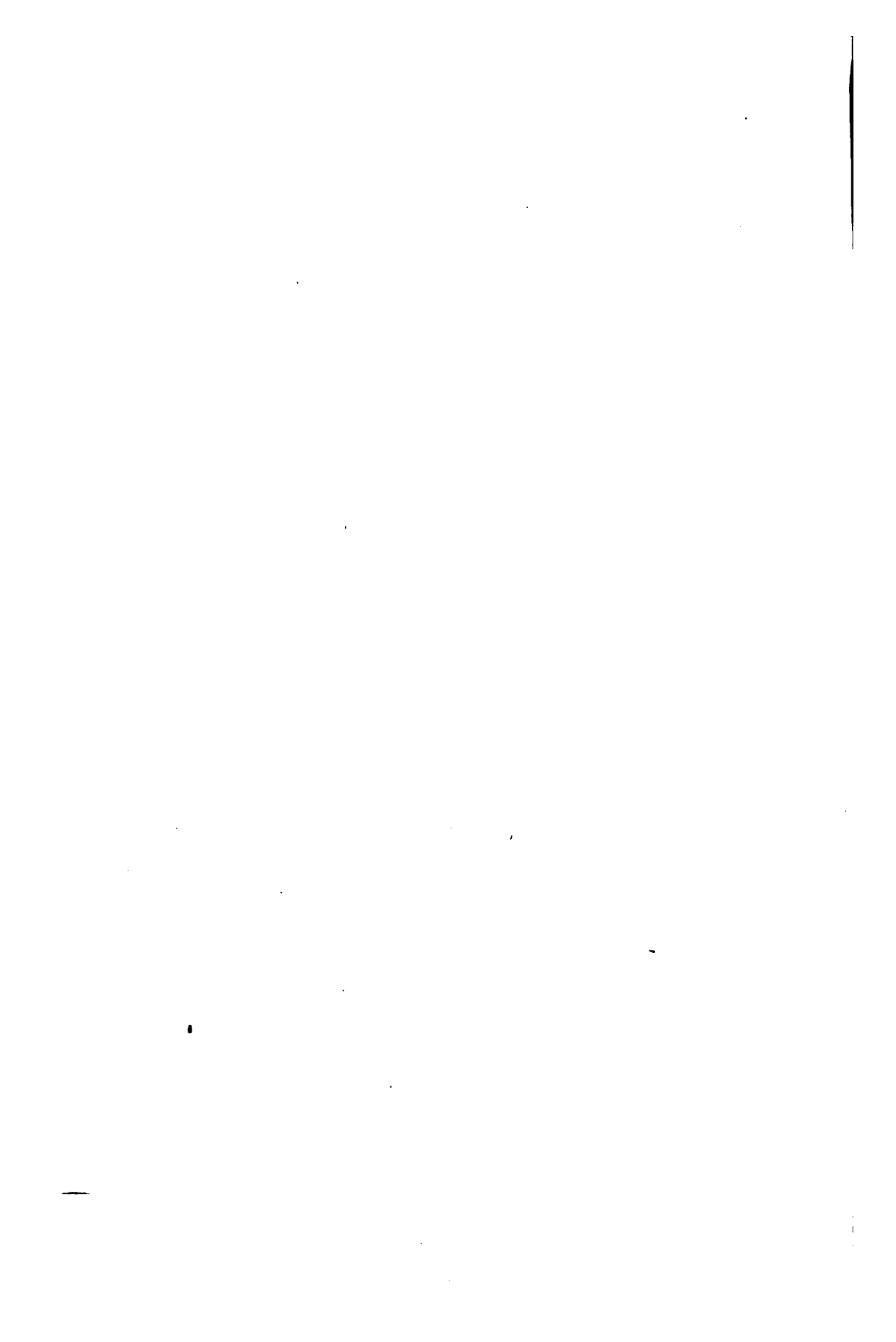
miles in some places, and, not being inclosed with walls, are usually kept in wretched order. The tombstones are all flat, and are mostly in a broken condition :—

“ Side by side,
The poor man, and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.”—*Longfellow*.

Our visit to Constantinople occurred, as I have before remarked, during the festival of the Bairam ; on which anniversary the whole population are much enlivened, and fully intent on enjoying themselves by land and water. The costumes of the people are striking from their variety : some are exceedingly rich ; and some are so meagre, as scarcely to deserve the name of habiliments. The bullock-carriages are quite stylish in their way—the cattle being small, well groomed, and of handsome colour. Jugglers and “ merry-go-rounds” are to be seen in every direction ; so also musicians and dancing dervishes. Stalls, likewise, are abundant for the supply of fruit, sherbert, &c. Horsemen ride furiously about on their chargers ; and every here and there women mounted on horseback, riding a-straddle as they generally do in the East, with a muslin veil, so thin, as to be a mere mockery ; if their faces were more generally pretty, few might be disposed to find serious fault with a change so reasonable. The city altogether assumes a more gay ap-

pearance than usual ; on the nights of illumination, festoons of lamps are suspended from minaret to minaret, and produce a very beautiful effect. But my sojourn in the Imperial city draws to a close ; and it were needless to dwell on particulars, which may be found duly detailed in publications composed on purpose.

It is, however, hardly possible to bid adieu, without expressing surprise (as hundreds have done before me) at the immense number of dogs, which infest the streets, and are to be met with everywhere. They are regarded with some extraordinary religious feeling ; and they are so considerately treated, that they become excessively lazy, and will not get out of the way of persons passing along ; even the horses are taught to step over them, and this the brutes know well, and will not get out of the way.



CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

WE left Constantinople, on the 26th April, in the French mail-steamer "Neva," bound for Marseilles by way of the Piræus and Sicily ; and we thus once more crossed the Propontis and sailed through the Hellespont. Having passed between Sestos and Abydos in the narrowest part of this renowned strait, where Xerxes built his bridge of boats, and where Leander was wont to swim across to his beloved Hero, we again entered the waters of the Ægina. Long years of busy and constant occupation in mercantile affairs have, indeed, rendered my classical associations very indistinct, and greatly obscured my reminiscences of Grecian histories ; but strange feelings arose in my mind, as we passed by the island of Tenedos, and viewed, in the distance, the site of ancient Troy and the mountain-range of Ida.

We sailed on the surface of that sea over which the Grecian chiefs, after the conclusion of the ten years' siege, were doomed to wander ; and where the supremacy of Europe over the wealthier and more populous Asia was more than once decided in hard-fought contests. We wended our way among islands, noted in the pages of antiquity, celebrated for their legends and traditions, as well as for their natural advantages ; and the words of the well-known bard were forcibly recalled to mind :—

“ The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho lived and sung ;
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung.”
 &c., &c.

After about thirty hours' sailing, we arrived, on the 27th of April, at the Piræus, still the seaport of Athens, and a very pretty-looking town. English sign-boards met the eye, announcing that Bass' and Allsopp's ales were to be had in this classical locality. Many things had a comfortable appearance, and reminded us of home ; although there was still enough to be seen to convince us that we were not yet in England.

An excellent road connects the port with Athens, over a distance of about four or five miles ; and at break of day we were *en route* for this celebrated

city. The morning was very fine, and there was a most beautiful sky,—which was so far fortunate, for our stay was not destined to be a long one. The Acropolis was soon in view—indeed, it was first seen from the sea; and on drawing near, the beautiful temple of Theseus and the Parthenon are clearly distinguished. As the visitor ascends the mount, on which the Acropolis is built, he has before his eyes the celebrated temple of Victory to excite his admiration, and, at his feet, that of Jupiter Olympicus. Adrian's gate is here seen to advantage; and, in fact, Athens, both the old and the new, are so grouped together, and lie within so small a space, that all notable objects are embraced at once by the eye of the spectator. With the mounts of Hymettus and Pentillicus as a background, there is a view of surpassing beauty, the effect of which is heightened by associations of historic celebrity.

The Morea lay at no great distance; the Plains of Marathon, and the Gulf and Island of Salamis were close at hand: all was classic scenery and all was classic ground. Two other stanzas from the ode just quoted, although they may be deemed by some rather common-place, can hardly be inappropriate, when it is remembered that the mighty preparations of the Persian monarch to subdue Greece were made within

a few miles' distance from the spot where I was then standing:—

“ The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea,
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow,
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations,—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day,
 And when the sun set, where were they?”

But famous as Athens is in classic story, and powerful as are the associations connected with this city as the nurse of freedom, learning and the fine arts, it was with feelings of profound intensity that I viewed the spot where the fearless and undaunted Apostle of the Gentiles declared to the “men of Athens” *The Unknown God*. For the delivery of his address a better site than Mars' Hill could scarcely be conceived. The remains of the Theatre are not far off; and it is not difficult to conceive how thirty thousand spectators could have been there accommodated within the limited space, and without a roof.

We visited the new town; and, certainly, could not favorably compare the modern regal residence of

King Otho with the celebrated models, the remains of which we had just seen. The palace has, in fact, a greater resemblance to a modern manufactory than to a Royal residence. The streets are wide, and kept in good order. The Greek church was the most handsome structure of the kind I had seen, although not quite so large as that at Smyrna.

We saw some soldiers at drill; they appeared to go through their exercise in a very creditable style, were well dressed, and had all the appearance of being a fine body of men. King Otho is, apparently, not very popular; yet he is entitled to the thanks of the traveller as well as the antiquary, for having done so much in excavating hallowed ruins, and in removing the rubbish which had, for so many years, covered a great portion of these interesting spots. Many persons have exclaimed against, and many still continue to censure, the removal of the Athenian marbles by the late Lord Elgin; but I cannot forbear from expressing my humble opinion, that they have been much safer and much more carefully looked after in the British Museum, than they would have been in their original position. During the war of independence, the Turks, who behaved as Turks have generally done, sadly disfigured by shot and shell the pillars of the temple of Theseus and the Parthenon.

We re-embarked and left the Piræus in the course of the afternoon. Our party was considerably increased, and among others by the addition of Mr. Lawrence of New York, attached to the United States' Embassy at Vienna. This gentleman had been resident in Athens for several months, and he gave us many interesting particulars and anecdotes in reference to the modern Greeks. Nor could we help thinking that if, in these go-a-head days, the heroes and sages of ancient Greece could arise from the mansions of the dead, and behold us moving round the once formidable promontories of the Peloponesus, impelled by a power that seemed to disregard both winds and currents, they would certainly have had many of their superstitious notions revived, and would have felt convinced that we were rounding these capes and headlands, noted for their dangers and their legends of peril, under the immediate influence of some unseen divinity.

Pursuing our course round the south of Italy, we came in sight of Mount Etna early on Sunday morning, the 29th of April, and were soon at anchor in the safe and commodious harbour of Messina. The captain of the "Neva" assured me that there was no use in going ashore, as my passport had not been *vizéd* at Constantinople, though it was countersigned by the Neapolitan Ambassador in London. I thought

it, however, worth while to make the attempt, as I could at most only be sent back ; and on my landing on the beautiful quay, which extends along the whole town, I was allowed, after a short delay, to enter the city.

I felt much satisfaction in having persevered in my resolution ; for, after our wanderings in the East, everything in the Sicilian seaport had a neat and clean appearance. The streets are wide, and the rows of houses seemed to us solid and beautiful, and by no means deficient in architectural taste. Although it was Sunday, the streets were thronged, chiefly with military, and troops were marching and counter-marching in every direction. An uneasy feeling evidently prevailed ; but as yet there was no appearance of any violent or sudden outbreak. It is now, however, a matter of history, that, shortly after our brief visit, Garibaldi landed in Sicily, and was not long in fighting his way to Messina. His career resembled romance more than reality, and is replete with interest to the patriot and the philanthropist. May he continue to exhibit the same true-hearted singleness of purpose, till the whole of Italy is restored to the unity of a great Kingdom !

The harbour of Messina is, as I have previously remarked, very commodious, and one of the safest.

that I have ever seen ; it is also most conveniently situated in respect to the commerce of the Mediterranean, and it was regarded by the ancient Greeks as the key of Sicily. The appearance of the city, on the first approach from the water, is most striking and beautiful. There is a bold background, which adds greatly to the picture ; and, as the place is strongly fortified, the stranger is struck at once with its importance and value, the surrounding country being very fruitful. The Churches and Convents are numerous, and there is a handsome "Maison de Ville." The trade in wine, fruit, silk, corn and oil, has always been accounted respectable ; yet the city has ever been unfortunate in modern as well as in ancient days. In the wars of the Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans, it frequently changed hands, and was more than once captured and depopulated. In 1780, it suffered severely from an earthquake ; and, a few years afterwards, was more severely damaged by another.

A very brief digression may, at this moment, be permitted on the subject of earthquakes. These terrific phenomena have, from time immemorial, been productive of great loss and misery in different parts of countries bordering on the Mediterranean,—such as in Sicily, in the vicinity of Naples, Smyrna, Antioch, and other cities near the sea coast. As

they have occurred near the same places, at greater or less intervals of time, one would scarcely have imagined that towns would be speedily raised anew in the same spot, and soon as populously inhabited as ever ; yet such has constantly been the case.

On this part of the American continent we are not so subject to the awful consequences of these visitations as people are in the Levant ; but there would seem to exist, even in Canada, about a hundred miles below Quebec, similar subterranean causes of violent commotion below the earth's surface, though fortunately to all appearance on a more moderate scale. Earthquakes at Murray Bay are of not uncommon occurrence ; and it is on record, that soon after the discovery of the country by the French, an earthquake of great intensity was felt, causing so much disturbance and displacement in a neighboring locality, that the place has ever since retained the name of "*Les Eboulemens.*" Last October a very sharp shock, or series of shocks, was sensibly felt throughout the whole of Canada and many parts of the United States ; but not with the same powerful effect, as in the vicinity alluded to, where the stone walls, the plaster and ceilings were cracked and shaken loose.

We left Messina on Sunday afternoon, having remained there from break of day ; and steaming

through the straits, which bear the same name, we passed between the renowned Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients. These are, by no means, such objects of terror to modern navigators as they appear to have been to those of old. Scylla is a rock forming a promontory on the coast of Calabria, where it projects at the narrowest part of the *faro*. At the bottom of of the rock there are said to be caverns, through which the winds are heard rustling and the waves dashing ;—sounds which the superstition of antiquity imagined to be the howling and barking of dogs. The only danger to sailing vessels arises when the wind blows strongly against the current ; for then they might be driven against the rock. Charybdis, on the Sicilian coast, is no longer the whirlpool or vortex that it was in olden times ; the earthquake of 1783 appears to have completely changed its character as well as its danger, although the waters are still greatly agitated from rugged and pointed rocks. However, in such a steamer as the “Neva” no one entertains, for a moment, any feeling of apprehension from either Scylla or Charybdis,—the sole interest, which these poetic celebrities possess, being associated with the memorials of ancient days.

Passing through the straits of Messina, we held on our course between the shores of Calabria and the Lipari or Æolian islands, all of volcanic formation.

The last or most northerly of these is Stromboli, which, I am sorry to say, we passed during broad day; so I was disappointed in my desire to see, in full glare, the only lighthouse in the world which is not supported by a tax on shipping! Of all the volcanoes recorded in history, Stromboli seems to be the only one that emits flames without intermission; and, for ages past, it has been regarded as the great Lighthouse of this part of the Mediterranean.

Between Messina and Marseilles there are several lighthouses, to which great attention is paid by the French authorities. One is now being erected near Corsica, on a spot where, during the Crimean war, a large man-of-war struck, full of troops, and almost all on board perished. We reached Marseilles in five days from Constantinople; and on our approach to this ancient city, we could not forbear from expressing great admiration of the appearance of the defences from the sea. All the islands at the entrance are strongly fortified, and the town itself is powerfully defended by a large fort and citadel.

The docks of Marseilles are very commodious; and, altogether, the city has a busy and active appearance. The streets of the modern parts are spacious and wide; and the Exchange, which has lately been finished, is a handsome and prominent edifice. I had

always heard that the Customs' House authorities were very stringent in their examination of passengers' baggage ; but, though every thing was conducted with great method, and every person was obliged to point out his own trunks and packages with accuracy, yet, if there was no tobacco, no rigid examination took place ; if there was, duty was exacted, a liberal allowance being made for private use. In England, also, as we found, a great change has come over the authorities in this respect ; and the annoying search has been abandoned, except when there is reason to believe that there is a premeditated design to defraud the revenue in an unhandsome and encroaching manner.

The country from Marseilles to Paris, as seen from the windows of the railway carriage, appears to be very beautiful, especially the first part from Marseilles to Lyons. In France the management of the railroad, with every thing relating to the comfort of the passengers, is much more carefully attended to than elsewhere on the Continent or in England.

My stay in Paris was, on this occasion, very limited ; but I saw the young Imperial Prince taking an airing in a carriage and four, surrounded with numerous outriders and great military pomp. Shortly afterwards, I met the Emperor and Empress in a small

quiet carriage, with a groom behind them. Musing on the changes which have taken place in France during the present century, I could not help thinking that it would be marvellous, if another turn of the kaleidoscope should not produce an altered phasis of affairs and a new regime in France, before this scion of the Bonapartist dynasty attained his majority.

On reaching Calais, we unfortunately experienced that the passport system was still one of the greatest nuisances to travellers. We had to wait to get ours inspected, and to obtain permission to leave; and thus, the tide being on the turn, we had the pleasure of learning that the mails, baggage, and two or three passengers, who were first at the office, had sailed; while we were left to pass the night, and most of the next day, in this old town, so famed in the wars between England and France "long time ago." Many of the passengers were furious, and expressed their determination to write to the "Times," but though I lost my passage, I could not think that losing my temper would be of any utility; and I was soon asleep in a very comfortable hotel.

Next morning I was not up with the lark,—in fact I was very late; and, on entering the breakfast-room, I found many who were lamenting their detention. Among them was a most gentlemanly

man, whom I casually greeted ; the moment I did so, I observed his eyes to glisten in a marked manner, so much so that I felt at a loss to account for a mere "*bon jour, monsieur,*" having so electric an effect. After breakfast, however, I discovered that the cause was not solely to be attributed to any peculiar sympathy which, according to the advocates of mesmerism, may exist between kindred spirits. The gentleman, in fact, happened to be in what our American neighbours term a "peculiarly awkward fix." My having accosted him in a cordial way, seemed to offer him a good opportunity of unburdening himself, which, in small as well as in weighty matters, frequently affords great relief. From the state of perturbation he was in, I imagined that he had to disclose some great matter ; and although to a perfect stranger, he felt as Marmion did in unburdening his mind to Lord Lindsay—

" But by that strong emotion pressed,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain ;"

yet it became amusing when I learnt the cause of his depression :—He had, as he said, received, on the day previous, a telegraph, informing him that a particular friend of his, in Hamburg, was dangerously ill ; and as he lived a few miles out of Paris, he had not time to go home, but drove straight to the station. He

could have no money, he added, till he got to London, nor did he want any till then ; but the steamer would sail early, on the morning after his arrival, for Hamburg, and his order on a London merchant might be of no use, as, in all probability, the office would be shut ere we could reach the great metropolis. All this *contre-temps* had arisen from the tide having been so unreasonable as to turn before he could get on board the previous evening.

He was most gentlemanly in his manner and address, and apologised for troubling me, a complete stranger, with his grievances ; but he felt greatly annoyed and was in much distress. I told him that, unfortunately, I had only one Napoleon in my purse ; but that if, on reaching London, the office (on which he had the order) was closed, I would manage that he should not lose his passage. Frequently, during the day, he would come and shake hands without saying a word ; in fact, we soon became great friends, which was so far very pleasant to me, as I had bid good bye to Mr. Hill at Messina, and to Mr. Lawrence at Paris. I therefore regarded the occurrence as a pleasing incident, and considered it fortunate to end my travels with so sociable a companion. He was, among other accomplishments, a great linguist, and spoke Italian, Spanish, French, English, and Arabic, for he had been sometime in Morocco.

On our arriving in London, as he was not encumbered with baggage; he assisted me with mine while it underwent inspection at the Customs' House; and on proceeding to the city, the merchants' office, as he had anticipated, was closed; so I drove him to the Conservative, and sent him away rejoicing with what he wanted. Would the reader ask me whether I was ever repaid?—Next morning the amount was placed at my Bankers', accompanied by a letter, expressed in most handsome terms, from Baron de——, a Prussian nobleman. My recently-acquired friend was a person of large property and influence, but too deeply imbued with liberal principles for the sphere in which he moved. Perhaps in the changes which are now occurring in Germany in the cause of constitutional liberty, he may find an opportunity of exercising his talents; and, indeed, I am greatly mistaken if my travelling companion is not destined to play a conspicuous part in these events.

CHAPTER XIII.

—
REVIEW IN EDINBURGH—LAKES OF CUMBERLAND—
RETURN TO CANADA.
—

RAIN, rain, rain,—what a contrast between the weather we now experienced and that which we had enjoyed in the East; from May to August we had scarcely two consecutive days of fine weather in England and Scotland; whereas, during my sojourn in the East, it only rained once at Gibraltar and once at Alexandria. Certainly so cold and cheerless a summer, as that of 1860, is of rare occurrence in Europe; and I was sadly disappointed of much of the pleasure which I had anticipated from seeing England in its spring beauty. A few notes, however, of my movements before I returned to Canada, will be briefly alluded to in this my concluding chapter.

I cannot, in the first place, omit mentioning a most agreeable visit, during a couple of weeks, at

Mrs. Ellison's, Sudbrooke Holme, in Lincolnshire ; where, indeed, I have always met with a most warm and cordial reception. Some six months previously, Mr. Ellison, the generous and open-hearted friend, had passed away, widely regretted. He was one of the excellent of the earth, and his charities were unbounded, and in many instances were extended to this Province ; and his honored name will be found in the list of contributors to a recently-established endowment fund, for the future maintenance of Clergy attached to the Chapels in the City of Quebec.

After leaving Sudbrooke, we proceeded northwards, and remained some six weeks with my sister at Ecclesgreig. After this (not to dwell on topics and movements too individually personal for publication) we turned our faces homewards ; and, by good luck, arrived at Edinburgh on the day preceding that appointed for the Grand Review of the Scottish Volunteers by Her Majesty the Queen.

On our arrival, Dun-Eden was all alive ; the streets were crowded, and every one we met brimful of importance. Early next morning we were, with thousands of others, on the move ; and, with such an animated scene before us, we could not help thinking that, had Sir Walter Scott witnessed the brilliant

display and undertaken a description of it, he could hardly have written more appropriately—the last line especially—than when he recounts the gathering of the Scottish forces previously to the unfortunate battle of Flodden :—

“ Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !
 Still canst thou send thy children forth.
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
 Thy dauntless voluntary line.”

MARMION.—*Introduction to Canto v.*

But how different were the riflemen of to-day from soldiers in the time of Marmion, in point of dress and discipline ! Mountaineers and Borderers were now present at the Royal Review, equipped as gaily and as expert in practice as any of the fine bodies of brave men who, on this occasion, gathered round their beloved sovereign ; whereas, in former days, according to the stanzas immediately following those just quoted :—

“ On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
 In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,
 With iron quilted well ;
 Each at his back (a slender store),
 His forty-days' provision bore,
 As feudal statutes tell.
 His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,
 A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,
 A dagger-knife, and brand.”

At the review I could not help admiring the excellent training of the men, and how well under command they were. Although there was some little difference in the uniform of the various regiments, they were all armed with the same deadly weapon. I will never forget the excitement of the moment, when upwards of twenty thousand Volunteers welcomed their Queen as she came on the ground, "in all the pride and pomp and circumstance of war," accompanied by the Prince Consort and surrounded by a brilliant staff. Her Majesty was most enthusiastically greeted, at the same moment, by the countless multitudes that lined the sides of the hills and the rising grounds in the neighborhood of Holyrood Palace. A few passing showers created fears that the weather might mar the pageant; but, fortunately, these apprehensions were not realized, the day proved fine, and all passed off exceedingly well. The arrangements altogether were admirable,—and my old friend, Sir George Wetherall, who had been so long in Canada, was in command, and next day told me he was most forcibly struck with the discipline of such large masses, the more especially as most of them had only that morning arrived, and had no opportunity of going, as it were, through a preliminary parade.

Next day, we proceeded to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and if I pause a moment

to say a word about them, it is for the sole purpose of inducing my friends in Canada to visit those delightful scenes, and pass a few days in this most interesting vicinity. Tourists from these Provinces may not all find time to proceed as far as Palestine ; but surely mostly every one would be able to spend a short time at Windermere, which is not many hours' distant by rail from Liverpool. During our brief sojourn in the vicinity of the Lakes we made Bowness our head-quarters ; and the day after we arrived, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Rose and part of her family. She had just arrived from Quebec, and had much to tell us of the great preparations making to welcome the Prince of Wales.

We saw every part of Windermere from the deck of a small steamer, which sails up and down the lake three or four times a-day. On the morning following our excursion on this beautiful sheet of water, we started in a carriage, which we left at a small inn, and proceeded on foot to a very pretty waterfall, deservedly much admired, although it appeared rather *tiny* in our eyes, which had been accustomed to gaze on the magnificent Falls of Montmorency and the Chaudière, in the immediate vicinity of Quebec.

We afterwards went to Grassmere and Rydal-water : the latter is about a mile long, has two little

islands in it, and communicates with Grassmere by a narrow channel and with Windermere by the river Bothay. It is an enchanting spectacle, to look down from the summit of an adjacent mountain on these small lakes, with villas and villages scattered everywhere around. The surrounding country appears so richly cultivated, and the background of the mountains so near, that the whole picture is embraced at once in all its splendor and loveliness. As we contemplate the glorious prospect, we can no longer feel surprise that Wordsworth admired these scenes so highly, and wrote so much about them. As in duty bound, we visited the churchyard at the head of Grassmere lake, and inspected the modest tomb of the Poet, whose name and memory will ever be associated with this beautiful region.

On the 16th day of August we embarked at Liverpool on board of the "Nova-Scotian," captain McMaster, with upwards of a hundred passengers. The steamer remained a day at Moville, and we were thereby enabled to pay a visit to Londonderry. Though the rain poured down in torrents, we managed to visit the Cathedral, the monument to Walker, and to walk round part of the walls;—and we were thus enabled to say we had been in Ireland.

Our voyage across the Atlantic was pleasant enough, and we landed in Quebec on the 26th of August. We were all anxiety to learn how the Province had received the Prince of Wales, and we were highly delighted to hear, that all had been excellently arranged, and so far well-managed. It is not my intention to follow His Royal Highness in his course to the Upper Province ; but, being anxious to see him on Canadian ground, we pushed on to Montreal. We there had the pleasure of witnessing the Volunteer Forces in that city reviewed by the Heir Apparent, towards the latter part of the same month in which we had seen Her Majesty inspect those of Scotland in the Northern Metropolis ; and the same loyalty and enthusiasm were exhibited on both occasions.

Before the end of the year, I had occasion again to visit England ; and, arriving there in December, I found a Canadian winter prevailing. I have thus, within twelve months, by steamboat and railway, travelled over about four-and-twenty thousand miles—a distance nearly equal to the circumference of our globe. Indeed, the facilities of travelling now-a-days, enable one to accomplish in a year what was once considered the occupation of a life-timé.

During this latter visit, I had the gratification of hearing the improved and flattering tone in which

men, high in power, now speak of Canada. I enjoyed the good fortune of being present, on two occasions, at dinners given in London to the Governor General, Sir Edmund Head—one by the *Canada Club*, and one by the Lord Mayor of London. It must have been particularly gratifying to His Excellency to listen to the expressions uttered on the one occasion, by gentlemen so intimately connected with the interests of the Province,—and, on the other, at the Mansion House, by the Lord Mayor and several of his numerous guests, among whom were some sixty members of Parliament. I may not be strictly correct in the observation, but I am pretty certain, that His Excellency is the first Governor General of Canada thus publicly entertained at the Mansion House, during his tenure of office. Dinners, we well know, are usually given, by the Lord Mayor, to Governors General of India proceeding to the scene of their labours; hence, from the occurrence which I have just recorded, we may be allowed to draw an inference with regard to the increasing importance of these colonies in the eyes of public men in England.

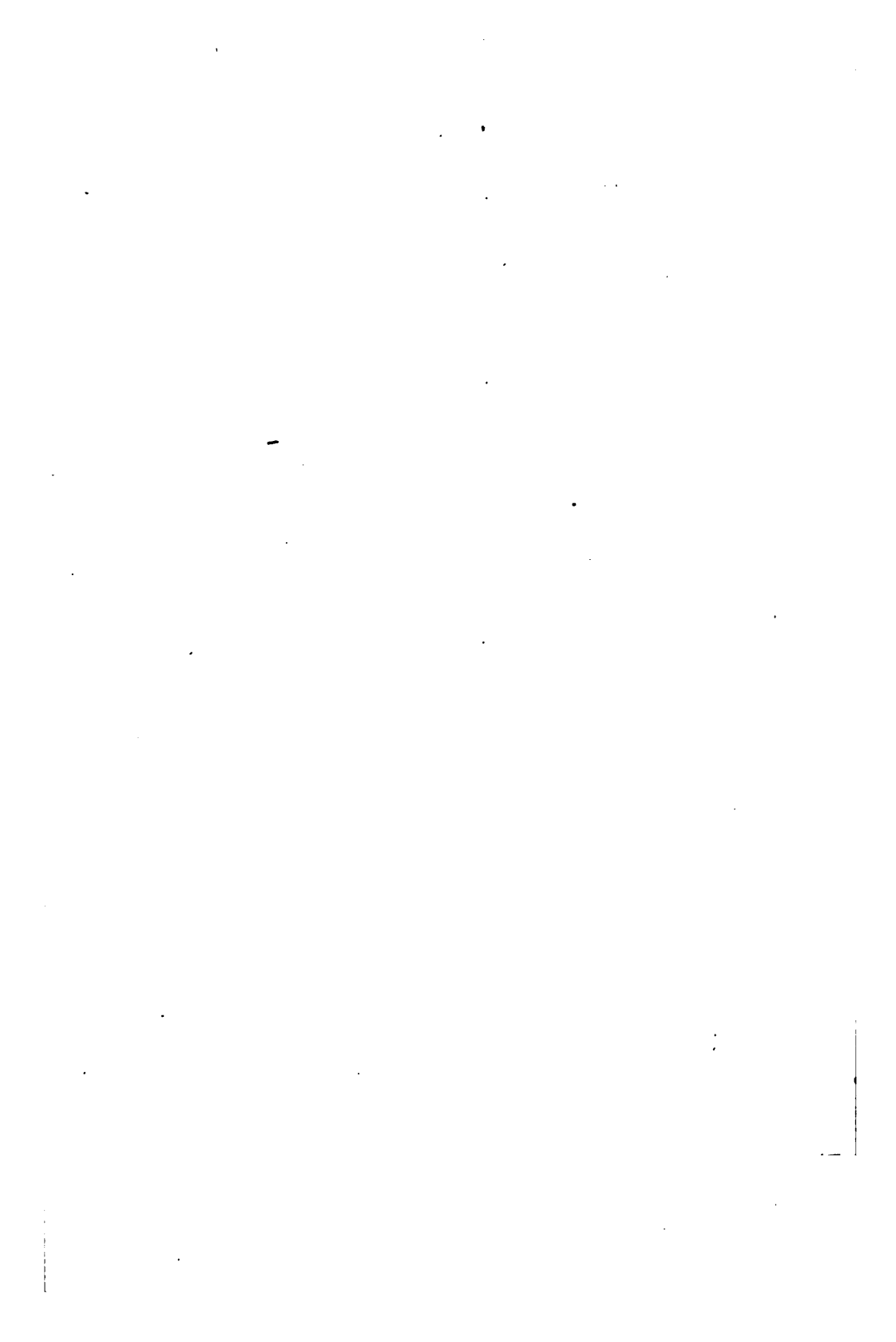
My task is now accomplished; and, in drawing my remarks to a close, I would strongly recommend those who may be induced to visit Palestine to take the same route I have done. More especially do I

recommend the voyage from England by the Bay of Biscay ; the opportunity of visiting Gibraltar, thereby afforded, will be fully appreciated ; and a week, spent in this fortress, will pass quickly and pleasantly away, serving as an excellent introduction to future scenes, through which the traveller must pass. Again, when Jerusalem has been attained, I would advise the tourist, instead of returning to Jaffa as I did, to proceed by land to Damascus ; and, if time should permit, to visit the remarkable remains of Baalbec, and even Palmyra, subsequently proceeding to Beyrout by the Lebanon.

It is scarcely possible to conclude without some allusion to the present unsettled state of public affairs all over the world, not merely in Europe and Asia, but even in America. All seems perplexity and doubt ; and what the next great change may be, or where it is likely to happen, it would be impossible to tell with any degree of certainty. Such a position of affairs may appear likely to interfere with the movements of tourists ; though the zealous traveller is not easily daunted, and would undoubtedly meet with due consideration and protection, except in very wild districts or disorganized communities. To the East, Christians, Jews and Mohammedans now look with increasing anxiety, and many eminent men pre-

dict that great trouble and tribulation are at hand. It is well, however, to remember that, with regard to nations as well as individuals, all things are under the control of a superintending Providence, without whose permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground ; and that, in the words of our great dramatist, which can never be too often repeated :—

“ Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.”





APPENDIX.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

At a public dinner given at Russell's Hotel, on the 28th of December, 1858, to Viscount BURY, His Worship H. LANGEVIN, Mayor of Quebec, in the chair, His Lordship's health was proposed and most enthusiastically received, when Mr. FORSYTH, the Vice-President, gave the next toast, and in doing so spoke as follows:—

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN,—The toast I am about to propose is so comprehensive, that I would have been better pleased, had it fallen into more able hands; but before entering into any general remarks, I may say that large and enthusiastic as this meeting is, there would have been a perfect ovation of the whole city, had Lord Bury arrived here in summer, when a dinner might have been given on Durham

Terrace. But in the month of December, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, an out-of-doors' gathering is not exactly the thing; and to give a cool reception on this occasion, his Lordship has seen, by the enthusiasm shewn in drinking his health, is very far from our wish or desire. Long speeches after dinner are, I know, too often irksome, but I will be as brief as possible, although going over the ground from Halifax to the Pacific is not to be achieved in a paragraph. The toast I have the honor of proposing is "Our Railways and Ocean Steamers." In my remarks, however, I will so far review the subjects by speaking first of our Steam Communication with England and then on the Iron Road. No one, who has warmly watched the effect of the large subsidy to the Cunard line, can remain unconvinced, that Boston and New York have wonderfully benefitted by these Steamers; and although receipts from the postage of letters may pay the subsidy of the Imperial Government, there is no good reason why the Canadian line should not also receive Imperial assistance, seeing they would thereby be enabled to build a fleet of equal speed with the "Persia," and deliver their letters at New York by the St. Lawrence route a day sooner than by sailing for that port. As it is, the average passage of the Canadian boats is equal to that of the Cunard line. The St. Lawrence, with

Bayfield's Maps and with the lead going, is by no means the dangerous river it is represented to be : and though one Steamer has been lost by the, I may say, infatuation of the Pilot, when the Lighthouse was in full brilliancy before him, such a catastrophe ought not to be used as an argument of the danger of our navigation. Placed, as we are, so much nearer to Galway than New York, we do hope that, with the great advantage of our railways to the far West, the Galway line, in which your Lordship takes such interest, will not only be subsidised by the Imperial but by the Canadian Government, making Quebec or Montreal in summer, and St. Johns in winter, your ports of destination. I by no means look to the Galway line as ruinous to the Canadian Ocean Company ; for I feel satisfied that, ere long, the whole emigrant traffic will be by the St. Lawrence, if the Grand Trunk give those facilities they propose doing ; and, instead of forwarding the emigrants like so many sheep or oxen, will study their comfort, and give them breathing time in their long journey from this to the Upper Province and the far West. On the inter-Colonial Railroad I will only say that the importance of St. Johns in New Brunswick has never, in my opinion, been sufficiently estimated ; with one of the finest harbors in the world—always accessible—and, by Woodstock, not much more dis-

tant from Quebec than Portland, with only 180 miles from Woodstock to Trois Pistoles or Rivière du Loup; and with the road all completed to the Bay of Fundy from Woodstock, I do confess that it appears passing strange that the New Brunswick and Canada Railway—which, through good report and bad report, has steadily held on its course, and every year, and during times of great difficulty, built from 10 to 20 miles of road—should never have had that measure of assistance from the Legislature of that Province, which would hasten its completion to Trois Pistoles or Rivière du Loup. I will not take up the time of the company by going into any detail of the Northern route; but the saving of some 300 or 400 miles in connecting the Grand Trunk with an ocean terminus, is greatly in favor of the line by Woodstock; and the bug-bear of running so close to the American boundary has no force when it is considered that Rivière du Loup, where the Grand Trunk now terminates, is within half a day's journey of the frontier; and when it is farther borne in mind that from Cornwall to Kingston the river is the boundary. In case of war with the States, we could not place too great reliance on the railway, although, as a military highway, it would always be more or less favorable to the movement of troops. Looking, therefore, to the Grand Trunk being extended to St. Johns as

the common-sense and most practical route, I will now call your attention to what is going to be the great fact of the present age : I mean of course, the Pacific Railway. The Isthmus of Darien has always been of great political and commercial importance. So long ago as the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, he looked to its possession as the greatest blow to Spain ; and it is at this moment as much coveted by the States, as it was in those early days by England ; and no one who watches the course matters are taking at this moment but sees that, sooner or later, it will be under the protectorate of the States, which consider, even now, that, though they may with impunity land troops for the protection of travellers, such a proceeding, on the part of England, France, or Spain, would be a good "*casus belli*." Of equal importance is the Isthmus of Suez ; and it has always been so considered in both ancient and modern days. Napoleon, during his stay in Egypt, was exceedingly anxious to construct a canal to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. His successor, the present Emperor, is equally solicitous ; and by what we read in the newspapers, we may soon expect to see such a work commenced. Both Emperors looked at Egypt as the high road to India and China, and in the many complications of European politics, we know that England is obliged to watch them with feverish

anxiety ; but let this magnificent project be fairly undertaken by the Imperial Government, and what is it to England, who owns those hitherto important strips of land, in what state of health the sick man may be, or who may be ascendant in Turkey? What will it be to her who commands the overland route in Europe, when on this continent she has a railroad wholly on her own territory? A way to the East through America is no new idea, for in the early settlement of this Province by the French, a Jesuit, when proceeding upwards from Montreal, and seeing the debouche of the Ottawa River, exclaimed,—“That is the route to China;” and hence the name of the spot where he was standing, is called *Lachine*, to this day. The Quebec Board of Trade last winter, sent a petition to the Legislature begging them to call on the Imperial Government to commence this great work—shewing that in the possession of the Island of Vancouver alone, and in lands on the Pacific, the means might be obtained of covering the expense, large as it may be ; and showing how, by the sale of lands, the State of Illinois has built a large line of railway ; but no action was taken on this petition, and although I wrote to many intimate friends, I could not get one to bring it forward. But what, seven or eight months ago, was thought a delusion and a dream, is, thanks to the timely discovery

of the gold fields on Frazer's River, now the leading topic of every paper one takes up, English, American or Canadian. What better use could be made of this great discovery, than to make it subserve to the construction of this Railway? and the Imperial Government has in its hands this new Colony, which under proper management would defray the whole cost. Taking Pembroke on the Ottawa, or Peterboro' on the Trent, as the starting point, we will have 2500 to 3000 miles to the Pacific, and allowing £8000 stg. £ mile, the whole cost would be twenty-four millions sterling, a large sum indeed;—but when one remembers that by the overland route to India every soldier costs £100, and that this is becoming the favourite way of sending troops : and when one thinks of the great saving that would have been made by the Imperial and Indian Governments during the last twelve months, had Calcutta been within 30 to 35 days' journey from London, by a road over which troops and munitions of war could have been sent to any extent, one is at once convinced that the saving alone would have gone far in making the whole road. Montalembert's eloquent appeal has made him a name in every quarter of the globe ; and so far, I am sure, his appeal will find favor in the eyes of both Houses of Parliament ; but there is one part I want to mention, which is full of significance, and bears strongly on

the subject—I allude to that pertaining to the future of England, and pointing out the danger she is exposed to from the despotic powers of Europe ; if that day should come, which God forbid, that this bulwark of liberty should be invaded—

“ If the blast of war be blown in her ears,”

of what mighty import would this road be when a quarter of a million of troops from India could stand shoulder to shoulder on English ground with her defenders! Would not such a road, built altogether on British territory, be of more importance to England than the overland route by India, with hostile fleets at every point, and perhaps Egypt in hostile hands, while here we could concentrate the whole navy at the Home, the Halifax, and the Pacific stations? The times are singularly propitious, for we have Earl Derby, and his gifted son, Lord Stanley, who have been in Canada, and know and appreciate it well ; we have Sir John Packington, who also was over the whole Province; and though it has been the wish of some to represent him as hostile to our roads, from some unfortunate misunderstanding with Mr. Hincks, he, I know, is personally most anxious to forward every Canadian enterprise. When I last saw him in London, he declared to me his anxiety to do all in his power to aid our railways. In the Colonial Secretary we have one who will glory in associating his name

with this magnificent project, which will virtually make these Provinces no longer outsiders, but incorporate them with the nation ; and we look to you, my Lord, as the pioneer in the Lower House, while in Lord Elgin we have a kind friend in the Upper. Brilliant as has been his embassy to China and Japan, his mission is not yet finished ; and he, who had much to do in co-operation with Mr. Hincks in giving us a line of railway from one end of the province to the other, must give a helping hand to continue it to the Pacific ; and I know nothing that will make the inhabitants of China and Japan entertain respect for us more than seeing steamers daily plying between Victoria and their respective countries. Canada has not only most powerful advocates in both Houses of Parliament, but she is singularly represented at the Horse Guards,—Sir C. Yorke, Sir R. Airey, and Sir G. Wetherall being all Canadians in feeling,—and we know that military authorities have a great deal to say on all points connected with such national undertakings. We have also powerful advocates in the fourth estate, as the editor of the *Times* was here a couple of years ago ; and this very summer Charles Mackay, of the *Illustrated News*, in this room pledged himself, when opportunity offered, to give a helping hand to this great work. Chinese labour could at once be made available, and when one con-

siders the difficulty that must force itself on the rulers of India in the sullen and disarmed Sepoy, requiring to be watched equally with him who has arms in his hands, what a solution of the difficulty arises from the ease with which they may be employed as railway laborers ! It is only politically I have been speaking of this great road, which if undertaken by England without any reference to the States, will become their line as well as ours ; for no one in England would give a sixpence to form an American line to compete with the road made by the English nation. By all means let us give free use to the Americans for their traffic to California and the East, but let it be solely, entirely, and absolutely a British road, under British control ; and such will be its importance that it will be the best guarantee for lasting peace, when the States know it will be protected by the whole force of the Empire, and by troops simultaneously from the west and from the east. When one reflects that every port on both sides of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario would become an emporium of trade for the Atlantic board, and be forwarded to and from these ports to California and India by railway ; and when one thinks of the importance that would attach to Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and St. Johns, we cannot over-estimate the benefits to this part of the Continent. But, large as they are, they pale before the fact that London,

Liverpool and Manchester would be within a few weeks of the whole Pacific; and the advantages to England surpass, in the language of the author of Vivian Grey, "the crude conceptions of a dream." Canada without Imperial aid has done much in beginning this great chain of communication. Let us hope England will decide at once that the road shall be built; give it out for immediate contract to the great capitalists of Great Britain, pledging the gold fields on Frazer's River as the consideration: but let it be done while New Caledonia belongs to the empire, and before she has a busy population to thwart this magnificent enterprise. Let the rulers in England recollect that the surveying of the line to Halifax, excellent though it may be, required as long a period as was actually consumed in making the road from Lake Huron to Quebec, taking the distance into account. Let this road therefore be offered at once to public tender, at so much a mile, and with the gold fields and Vancouver's Island as the lever, the men and means can soon be found in London to undertake the whole, giving the government the right of passage for mails, troops and munitions of war, without any direct charge for the same. Some short time ago we entertained the "Hero of Kars," and all honor to him and others, who like him and the gallant soldier * on.

* Col. Monroe, C.B., of the 39th Regiment.

your left, and others who have "proudly dared" in fighting the battles of our country; but laurels are to be won by you and by others in the British parliament, no less than by you, Mr. Mayor, and those around me, in our own Legislature, who will be the pioneers of this great conquest of the desert, making it smile as the rose. I was called sanguine when I had the honor, at a large meeting, to move the first resolution of the Quebec and Richmond railway. I was called sanguine when, at a most stormy meeting in the City Hall, I also moved the first resolution of the road to Trois Pistoles, and prognosticated its speedy fulfilment; and I have no doubt I will be now called sanguine when I state my deliberate conviction that this great project will soon take such hold of the English mind that Her Gracious Majesty, or the Heir Apparent to the throne, will, in obedience to the wishes of Her subjects at home, no less than of these colonies, cross the Atlantic, not only to be welcomed to this, the brightest appanage of the British Crown; but to turn the first sod of that great iron road which will, as it were, bind the British and Indian Empires by bonds of iron. But, strong as these bonds may be, they will yield in strength to those bonds of love and affection felt for her in these colonies, which now are, as I hope they ever will be, "strong as a rock of adamant." With three times

three I call on you to drink the toast I have the honor to offer—"Our Railways and Ocean Steamers."

NOTE.—A Pamphlet, entitled *Nova Britannia*, published in Montreal, by A. Morris, Esquire, A.M., in 1858, contains some most valuable information on this subject.